Talks with Craftsmen

BY J. ROSS ROBERTSON

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TALKS WITH CRAFTSMEN,

AND

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

THOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO ARE EARNEST IN A WORK THAT SERVES A NOBLE END

AND

BINDS THE HEARTS OF A GREAT BROTHERHOOD IN THE GOLDEN CHAIN

OF

FAITH, FELLOWSHIP AND FRATERNITY.

BY

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,

TORONTO, CANADA.

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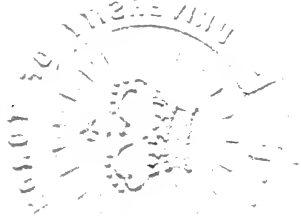


TO

Hugh Murray, Esq.,

OF HAMILTON, CANADA,

PAST GRAND MASTER

OF THE

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA,

A. F. & A. M.,

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF MANY KINDLY WORDS

AND A SINCERE

DESIRE TO HONOR A BROTHER, WHO,

AS AN

EXEMPLAR FOR CRAFTSMEN,

HAS WON THE AFFECTIONATE REGARD OF ALL WHO
CIRCLE ROUND OUR ALTARS,

THIS WORK IS FRATERNALLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TORONTO, 1891.

TO THE READER.

THE scattered thoughts which, at the request of old friends in the Craft, are preserved within the covers of this volume, are garnered from the columns of the Masonic press, to which, at times, I have been a contributor. Some were penned while the writer was enjoying the comforts of an Atlantic flyer, and inhaling the helpful breezes that cheer the heart and brighten the mind. Others glided into my note-book in the summerland of the South, where I sought a vacation in the home of the orange groves and amid "the old piney woods." A few more originated by my own fireside, where the warm-hearted companions of a life-time were talking of Craft work, and drawing plans for the future, each with a resolve to be earnest and sincere. Some of those who fashioned the pictures in the firelight are yet in the circle—others have slipped life's cable, and sailed into the brightness beyond the dawn.

With these pencillings may be found a few extracts from the proceedings of Masonic bodies that have called me to positions, I trust, of useful toil. These marks of esteem quickened my desire to realize the dream of a life-time, by coming closer to the Craft, and lent new strength to an old desire to carry out in every-day life those principles and precepts which were taught me when first I

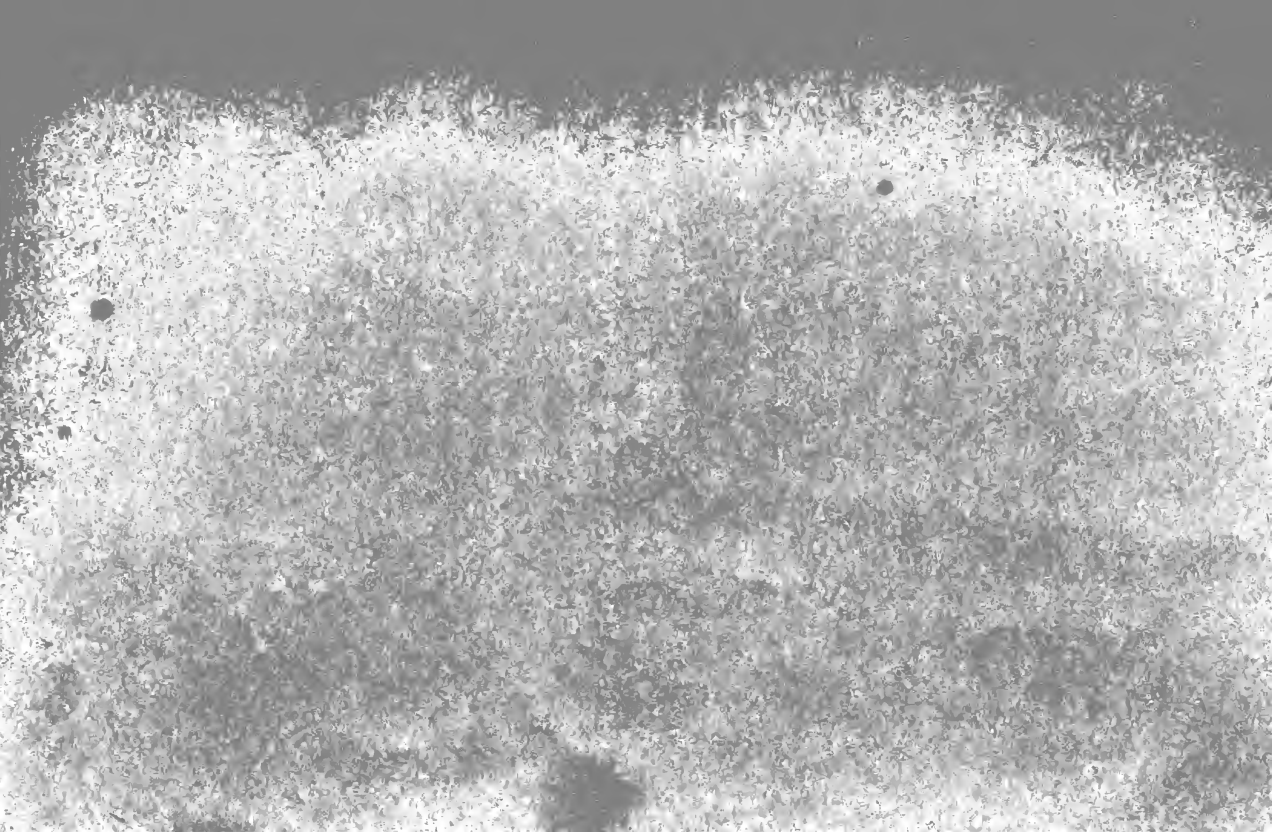
came from the outer darkness of the world into the inner radiance of the Sons of Light.

A poor man is he who journeys through the mazes of a busy world with no purpose in view, no ambition to serve. All, in their respective spheres, should try to better our common humanity, and I, as a member of a brotherhood that is without peer on earth, cherish the hope that my efforts to advance its interests have not been wholly unfruitful, and that those who come after me may have kindly words for one whose ambitions may have been, possibly, too excessive, but whose sincere desire was to cultivate those eternal principles that should pilot us all over the shoals of life.

These unpretentious jottings, like clearings in the forest, may mark the way for some, and tend to make those who read, think. The stream that ripples down the hillside contributes its mite to the size and strength of the mighty current that rolls on to the ocean. Thoughts, like seeds of golden grain, have germs of life within. May I, therefore, hope that what I have pencilled in moments of leisure snatched from the crowded hours of an active business life, will be appreciated by all who possess love for Craft work, who desire to see it prosper, and who never falter in the honest effort to keep our brotherhood pure free from those who enter our fold for revenue only, our primal object being to live our life out on the lines laid down at the altar, and avoid the dangers that await the Craft as it progresses on a pathway that leads ever onward and upward.

THE AUTHOR.

The whole of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to the Building Fund of the Lakeside Home for Little Children, the Convalescent Branch of the Hospital for Sick Children, on Toronto Island.



TALKS WITH CRAFTSMEN.

MASONRY IS HIS CAPITAL.

Always look with suspicion on the man who makes it his business to bring in Masonic talk in mercantile life.

MASONRY NEED NOT BEG FOR RECRUITS.

We have too many members and not enough Masons. This canvassing for candidates is demoralizing the Order.

HE IS A GIANT AT MEAL TIME.

The knife and fork Mason should be kept out of lodge rooms. He is generally an unaffiliate, or a member a long way in arrears of dues.

BE NO MAN'S MAN.

When you hold the gavel, govern justly. Let no petty pique or clique turn you from the path of duty. Be sure you are right, and then give your ruling.

THEY ARE FEW, BUT NOT TOO FEW.

Keep clear of the brother who blasphemes. Curses heard in lodge ante-rooms sicken many a man who thought that Masonry was free of such offensiveness.

BE SURE YOU ARE ALL RIGHT.

Before you cast a black ball—first think—are your motives pure? Are your reasons for clouding the good name of a friend or stranger sound? Brother, think it over.

REGULARITY IS A MASONIC VIRTUE.

Attend your lodge regularly. Be sharp on time, avoid the smoking room when the lodge is in session, watch the business and the work, and you will make your mark some day.

AMBITION SOMETIMES INSPIRES ZEAL.

You often hear a brother say of another, "Oh, he's too ambitious." So the critic thinks, but if he had a little sample of the same he would be a better man and a brighter Mason.

SMOOTH THE WRINKLES OUT OF LIFE.

How the asperities of life might be softened, if we had sense enough to think a kind thought, and with a pleasant word greet the brother with whom we differ, and forgive and forget.

THE TALKING MASON DOES NOT WEAR.

The talkative Mason soon exhausts his influence. He is not true to the core. He is like the pinchbeck jewellery that is made of white metal gilded over and palmed off as the genuine article.

DEAD TO ITS BEAUTIES.

How many of us visit the lodge and listlessly sit through the ceremonial, with hearts callous to the brightness of the ritual, and minds as unimpressionable as is the Arctic ice to the golden sun!

YOUR WORD MAY BE HIS HELPER.

Shield the young initiate from danger—a timely word, kindly spoken, will often stand as a way-mark in the life of a learner, to which he can look back with pleasure, profit and satisfaction.

FAULT-FINDING NOT A VIRTUE.

We plight our troth to friendship; we pledge our heart to brotherly love; we bind our will to charity; and yet with all the sacredness of our oath, our lips are ever ready to find fault. Is this Masonry?

LOOK FORWARD TO LODGE NIGHT.

The coming of our lodge night should be to us as welcome as the southern clime is to the weary pilgrim, who,

coming from the snow-clad north, seeks rest, pleasure and health in the summer land.

A WEALTH OF MASONIC PRIVILEGES.

The blessings of Masonic privileges are inestimable. We ought, therefore, to appreciate them, and show those without our gates that we live our lives so that hours of severe trial do not find us wanting.

DISCONTENT THE DESTROYER.

In feeling we are sometimes on the keen edge of discontent with our brother. We snap and snarl at every word, forgetting the hour when we joined our life to his in the woven strands of good-will and charity.

LIFE IS NOT TOO FULL OF JOY.

The sunlight of friendship should gladden us as we gather in our lodge rooms. Life is so mingled with joy and sorrow that we ought to make the most of the happy hours when we meet upon the checkered floor.

WED PLEASURE TO PROFIT.

A lodge room should be a cave of harmony, full of the pleasures of music, so that the monthly reunion may be welcome to us as the rays of the spring sun are to the butter-cups and clover, bearded by the winter frost.

A DRONE IN THE HIVE.

The Mason who seeks the ante-room to smoke and chat when work is going on is like the seeds sown on rocky ground. The only trouble is that the wind won't carry him away—although he has plenty of it.

THAT CHRONIC FAULT-FINDER.

Some brethren are always ready to find fault with the work, if a word be missed or a sentence be twisted. These fault-finders, as a rule, are not perfect themselves, and cannot perform even the duties of a minor office without the assistance of a prompter.

BE NOT QUICK TO CHIDE.

Hesitate before finding fault. Don't get up in your lodge simply for the sake of criticising, but be sure you are right, and then go ahead. If the platform on which you stand is sound, your views will influence; but if not, they will carry no appreciable weight.

THE HOPE OF MASONRY.

The youthful Craftsmen who circle around our altars are like the seedlings in the orange groves of southern climes. Nurture and preserve them in youth, and when the time for bearing comes, the harvest will indeed be plentiful and the results beyond price.

BE ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF CHARITY.

Let your judgments as a Craft ruler be so tempered that if you do err it may be on the side of charity. Better give a brother the benefit of a doubt than make him feel that you are anxious to censure and show your power, just because you are endowed with authority.

MASONRY BLESSES ALL MEN.

Masonry is as full of good as the lofty northern peaks are of snow in winter time. The glad song of its teachings should be as sweet in harmony as the bird music of the tropics. The tree of Masonry blooms all the year round, and finds life in any soil nurtured by true men.

MASONRY IS NO INSURANCE CORPORATION.

Masonry is a luxury. Many mistake it for a benefit organization, a life insurance corporation, which it is not. If insurance is wanted, go to the associations founded for that purpose. There are no pecuniary benefits in Masonry, and its gifts to the widow and orphans are acts of grace.

THE WORLD IS ITS FIELD.

Masonry by its teachings and principles is like a Western prairie in vastness--millions of acres to be tilled, to bring forth the fruits of the earth; worlds of good to be

done by instilling charity and inculcating principles that will nurture the soul, enlarge the mind and promote universal fellowship.

BE SLOW TO SPEAK THAT WORD.

How many of the bitter animosities of the lodge room might be allayed, and how much happier would we feel with our brethren if, before we utter the harsh word in debate, we give but a thought to the principle, in the keystone of that arch, which binds us in sweet charity with all, be he brother or friend.

WORDS SHOULD REFLECT TRUE THOUGHTS.

In love for one another let us be real—not hollow. The curse of our fraternity is the brother who grasps your hand, utters pleasant sentences, and winds up by some remark that savours so much of business that you feel like either casting your apron from you or pitching the so-called brother from the dormer window.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP IS IMMORTAL.

The first greeting in our brotherly reunions has many a time made us tenants for life in the palace of friendship. Clouds may drift by, storm centres may send forth thunderbolts that even pierce nature's wall, but the bond of friendship remains unbroken, and becomes stronger as we pass from the summer into the winter of our years.

WORK CRAFT LESSONS OUT IN LIFE.

Masonry should strengthen our faith, intensify our love, and teach us to exercise charity in word and deed to all mankind. We should carry out in life what we teach in our lodge rooms, and the dream of our hearts should be to so fashion our words that whatever we do may be emblematic of the pillars of truth that support our beloved Order.

EXAMPLE THE BEST PREACHER.

Like the tender plant, the young Craftsman should be watched with parental care. Let the example of those gray in the work be so far above reproach that, as they take our young brother by the hand, they may lead him as their own child, in the path of rectitude, sobriety and honor. The turning point in many a brother's career is within the year when first he knelt before the Great Lights.

STUDY IS A DOOR TO SUCCESS.

Take an interest from the hour of your initiation in the work of your lodge. As you progress, attend to what you hear and read up the symbolism of the degrees. Read the constitution and study well your by-laws. Keep yourself posted in the methods of the chair, watch the rulings, inform yourself on rules of debate and when you have anything to say, be pithy, short and to the point.

THE HARVESTS OF GOOD DEEDS WILL RIPEN.

Our meetings should be made attractive. While ordinary routine has its place, let it be so mingled with pleasant talk that brethren will carry to their homes thoughts that will make them better men, happier in their home life, and stronger in the desire to sow the seeds of kindness and fraternity amongst those whom they meet either in the paths of business or of pleasure.

IF YOU ARE WRONG GET RIGHT.

If you are in the wrong with a brother make the difference right. Do not wait and hesitate and discuss with yourself the matter of dignity, but, assured that you have made a mistake, do your best to rectify the error. It's all over in a moment. A word, a friendly greeting, and the interrupted friendship of years may be renewed, and unhappy memories blotted from the mind forever.

PERSISTENT FAULTFINDING IS POOR EMPLOYMENT.

Do not go to the lodge to find fault, to raise a row, to talk of friendship when you mean hate, determined to set yourself on edge with any that come near you. Try the antithesis of this. Speak kindly to all. If you disagree with a brother do so in such a charitable spirit that your words will influence your hearers, and perchance you may bring a flood of harmony where discord abounded. Courtesy costs nothing.

THAT KNOCK IS A TEACHER.

The knock of the initiate at the portal gate should remind those within that another heart yearns for knowledge, and that it is the duty of those who circle around the altar to take the youthful brother by the hand, and by deed and word show an example that will lead him in every step of his daily life nearer the goal sought by all who value virtue and have an ambition to do good to their fellow men.

THE CHARITY OF MASONRY.

The charity of Masonry is emblematical of the life of Him who, eighteen centuries ago, walked through the Eden of the East speaking words of comfort to those who sorrowed—words of encouragement to those who were weary, and by acts of kindness smoothed the pathway for all who were pressing onward to receive the reward prepared for those whose work is worthy of a place in the building of the Temple.

POWER OF THE OBLIGATION.

Who has not sometime in his experience felt the restraining influence of a Masonic obligation? How often, when our minds are filled with hard feelings against a brother, do we in memory go back to the hour when, on bended knee, we pledged ourselves to charity—not the charity of the hand, but the charity of toleration and

good-will, the charity of the heart, the lever that moves the gentle feelings and marks us all as brothers ?

EARNED ADVANCEMENT ALWAYS COMES.

Let our younger brother practice patience. Ambition is an excellent quality when properly tempered. This life is too precious for us to play with. Every moment has golden value, and so, when we seek for favor and rank at the hands of our brothers, let us merit the promotion by years of steadfast work in the Craft quarries, so that our ashlar may be made as perfect as the model of which we are told in the inspired volume on the altar.

CONSCIENCE IS THE TRUEST PILOT.

Before you cast a black ball—stop and reflect. Your conscience will tell you what is right, and be guided thereby. How often do we find the black ball cast by someone who delights to stab in the dark, and thus in his own mind secures revenge for an imagined wrong. How unfair is this misuse of the ballot to the man who, in all innocence, believes that he is about to enter an association, built on the principles of brotherly love and universal friendship.

MASONRY KNITS MAN TO MAN.

The bond of fraternity may be found in many associations, but in none are the strands woven so closely

as under the covering of a Craft lodge. Friendships have been formed within the portals of a lodge that death only has severed, and despite the hum of a busy world, the ups and downs of life, its joys and disappointments, its sunshine and its sorrow, the friendly greeting on the checkered floor makes brighter the sunshine and relieves the shadows.

MASONRY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY.

The spirit and essence of Masonry teach us charity—good-will to one another and to make an effort to carry out precepts that are of value inside and outside the lodge room. The intent of Masonry is to heal difficulties, and by kindly words and gentle advice produce a sovereign remedy for those rifts of discord that occasionally cloud the fraternal gathering, where friendship and brotherly love should reign supreme, and banish in perpetuity discord and unrest.

LOOK FOR TROUBLE AND YOU FIND IT.

Some brethren have a craze for trouble. They are never satisfied unless a committee of enquiry or a Grand Lodge Commission is in session. These Craftsmen have their quiver full of points on jurisprudence ; and their views, whether right or wrong, are as plentiful as pines in Southern forests. Such Craftsmen like to parade their knowledge and their aprons, and fancy that the Craft structure would tumble, if Atlas-like, they were not on hand to hold it up.

LEADER AND GUIDE OF THE LODGE.

The Master of a lodge has a great responsibility. He is the father of the household, the dispenser of wise counsels, the allayer of harsh feelings, and the shining example for the brethren at large. The success or failure of the meeting depends largely on his tact and forbearance. If he is careful he can promote the general welfare of his lodge, make the meetings entertaining, and cement the unity and concord of men who are banded together to promote fraternity and good-will.

DISCONTENT A FOE OF UNITY.

What bitter feelings are sometimes engendered in lodge disputes! The little cloud of discontent, at first no larger than your hand, grows month after month, till, thickened by the acts of injudicious and indiscreet brethren, it hides from view the harmony that once existed. The years of labor spent by earnest craftsmen in building up the lodge thus go for naught. Why not try and forgive, forget and shake hands? It may be hard at the moment to do so, but it is better in the end.

BE REAL WITH ONE ANOTHER.

The phosphorescent sparks that glisten like royal gems on the white-capped waves of the Atlantic seas, lighten up the track of the mariner as the fellowship of Masonry should brighten the work drawn for us on the trestle-

board of the Great Architect. Let us, therefore, be real with one another, and with hearts full of good-will show that our brotherly love comes from the crystal spring in the rock upon which the essentials of Craft-work are founded, and without which all would be chaos.

LET MASONIC FRIENDSHIP BE TRUE.

There should be true friendship in Masonry. The June mornings with their gladsome rays of sunlight which bring into blossom the golden petals, do no more for the flower than brethren do for one another, when the perfect harmony of brotherhood prevails. Men whose hearts are linked in the bonds of fraternity should so direct their thoughts as they glide by life's milestones, that when dust is given to dust the world at large can say he who has gone to the other shore had a record clear of spot or blemish.

TOO MANY MEMBERS, TOO FEW MASONS.

We are making too many members and not enough Masons. Our committees of investigation are sometimes a farce. We accept a man simply on the name of his proposer—not of his seconder, because the latter very often knows nothing whatever of the person of whose candidature he has approved. Some of our lodges are admitting men who should be subjected to a close scrutiny. If we want to keep the Craft respectable and desire to secure the respect of those outside the pale, we must watch the ballot box.

KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT WORK.

Be on time at your lodge. Pay attention to the business. Be equally attentive to the work. Have a name and ambition to reach the East, not by any royal road, but by diligence and perseverance, and a perfect mastering of the work of the subordinate officers. Don't ask for a warden's post until you are an expert deacon. If on your road to the East, some one gets there ahead of you, don't be chagrined, and say: "I won't play," but keep at the work; show the brethren that your soul is in it, and you will reach the goal.

WAIT AND WORK FOR HONOURS.

Don't be too eager for office. All things come, says the old Spanish proverb, to him who waits. Show yourself enthusiastic in the doings of your lodge. Devote a little time to getting up the work of Inner Guard or Deacon or Warden. Be ready when called upon to fill a vacant chair. Cultivate precision in your work. Speak out, and be correct in every detail. Let your voice sound clear as a bell, and show the lodge that your heart is in the work, and depend upon it you will advance in Masonry and in the esteem and respect of your brethren.

IT HAS THE IMMORTALITY OF TRUTH.

The struggle for the preservation of the Craft has been fought in every land. The anathema of the Papacy has

been hurled against it. The power of thrones has been invoked to crush it out of existence. The torture room of the inquisition has tested the fealty of our brethren, and yet Masonry lives, the king of all fraternal organizations, doing good to humanity, welding the friendship of men of every clime and tongue, and proclaiming liberty, equality, and fraternity in a spirit of good-will to all whose lives are governed by Faith, Hope and Charity.

WARDENS AND MASTERS MUST WORK TOGETHER.

The work of the W. M.—even if done well—should have the active co-operation of the Wardens. It is a poor compliment to a Master when his Wardens are drones in the hive—men who mouth their parts in a slip-shod manner. The lessons of the Wardens should be given as if they appreciated the meaning of every word they uttered, and thus not only impress the candidate but all those who are sitting on the side benches. The language of Masonry is too beautiful to be mangled, and the instruction at the Wardens' chairs requires as much attention as the work in the East.

WISE WORDS ARE ALWAYS HEARD.

The rank and file of the Craft should have more to say on the floor of Grand Lodge. In many instances advice from the floor is not only well timed but acceptable and has, before to-day, had its effect in changing the vote on

many important questions. The delegates from the lodges should have minds of their own and not be driven like the cattle of the cowboys into the corral upon the plains, by the lash of the whip of the silver-tongued platformist or the wiles of the wary wire-puller. Enlighten yourselves, brethren, and give your opinion before Grand Lodge, and if it be a sound one, none can be more welcome.

THINKS TOO LITTLE—TALKS TOO MUCH.

The brother who is continually on his feet giving hasty expression to opinions on every subject that comes up soon loses his influence with the brethren. Words in season are always acceptable, and brethren are anxious to have a clear exposition on any subject, but this Jack-in-the-box brother, who jumps up and down like the child's toy, is a nuisance. His talk is wearisome, his presence irksome. When his weak argument fails he tries to bully, and then he collapses temporarily. He cannot expect to play the part of Legree in debate without acquainting the brethren with the truth that he is a slave-driver.

RICH IN GOOD OPPORTUNITIES.

Opportunities for doing good in Craft work are as the myriad of starry eyes that look down on us. There is not an hour that we live which should not recall the vows in our obligations. At early dawn we ask a blessing to

guide us in our daily toil; we strive in our tasks to do to others as we would be done by; we are thankful for the hour of refreshment when not only the body but the mind is improved; the body by a diet without excess—the mind by judicious thought and pleasant reading; we lay ourselves to rest and rise refreshed and re-invigorated to battle anew with life and perform the tasks allotted us by the Master.

PAST MASTERS MAY BE POWERFUL.

When you become a Past Master, don't think your work is done. As a matter of fact it is only half begun. You were honored as a W. M., and were grateful for the support and attendance of P. M.'s, so do unto others as you would be done by. Come regularly to the lodge—assist in the work—aid by your advice. Have kindly words for the brethren, and your greeting will be returned with pleasure by those with whom you have intercourse. Courtesy costs but little, and it goes a long way to make the road easy and pleasant on which to travel. So practice what you preach, and you will do yourself and your brethren a world of good. Is it not worth trying?

THIS IS THE GLORY OF MASONRY.

How often are we charmed with fraternal friendships, fellowships that ripen as the years roll on. We meet in the lodge and in the busy marts of trade. We march together by the wayside, and while we are young Father

Time hurries the chariot along at lightning speed and we are pleased. The years begin to creep up the ladder, and as they mount nearer the allotted round, we pray that the scythe-armed climber may hold his speed, but no. He is deaf to our entreaties, and halts but for a moment at the door of the tent "whose curtain never outward swings," and at the summons of the silent sentry the friends of our youth go to join the loved ones gone before.

POVERTY IS SELDOM A VALID EXCUSE.

What pure nonsense it is for brethren to plead poverty as an excuse for non-payment of their lodge dues. In country lodges the amount averages six cents a week, in city lodges about ten cents, and yet we hear growls and grumbles—always, however, from those who allow themselves to fall in arrears, and yet have money enough to pay. As a brother put it at Grand Lodge: "one drink or one cigar less per week would cover all that is required for lodge dues." No man has a right to join the Craft unless he is able and willing to pay his yearly assessment. In the A. O. U. W. there is no humbug about non-payment of assessment, and why should there be in Masonry?

JEWELS IN THE RING OF POWER.

Faith, Hope, and Charity are the three jewels in the ring of power. Faith reminds us of that essential, without which the mission of our sublime degree would be

fruitless. Hope nerves us in our march to the gateway which it opens to him who is faithful to his trust, and Charity teaches us that, as we journey by the wayside, we should be kind in heart and generous in speech, not only to our brethren, but to all mankind. What power we have for good in all these jewels—power so renewed by each successive sunrise that we wonder why all on earth are not joined in a great universal brotherhood, to which hate would be a stranger, and love the frontal setting in the crown.

THEIR MONEY DOES NOT TALK.

The members of lodges in arrears of dues have generally more to say in lodge matters and in street corner discussion than the members who pay up with regularity. Men offer all kinds of excuses for non-payment of dues, not one of which will hold water. The W.M.'s are generally afraid to deal with the delinquents, from motives of friendliness or for fear of giving offence. It is only by suspension that men can be made to feel their position. Close the door to them, and the treasurer will be laden with a goodly sum to defray expenses. Some W. M.'s have the courage of their convictions, and as a consequence their rolls are in good form, but in too many lodges the W.M.'s neglect their duties.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Would that it were feasible to blot out of existence in some of our lodges a class of brother whose sole aim is to

annoy and worry, not only the W. M., but the brethren in the lodge. One of these is perhaps an old P. M. or a very fresh W. M. He takes advantage of the W. M.'s good nature or want of knowledge, and is on his feet continually, raising questions either on points in the constitution or the work. Perhaps he is an ancient P. M., who imagines that he still governs the lodge and that his word should be law and gospel to the W. M.; or perchance he is an old-time grumbler, whose business it is to come down to the lodge to find fault, and when business routine is over scurry home without taking part in the work.

LIFE'S SEASONS FEW AND SHORT.

We come in with the spring-time, and are bright and joysome. Our faces beam with happiness as we wander through the fields in summer soft in clover bloom. We drift into the autumn, and the maple leaves in a thousand hues color the air. Then come winter and our cosy seat in the chimney corner. So we pass through life. We meet in one great brotherhood and weld our friendship. We journey hand in hand over the plains of life. We are happy as we chat, and our words lift us to thoughts of the beyond. Our dream is soon over. We draw plans for the future, and picture a paradise for all, and wake from the spell as the spectre with noiseless tread crosses the threshold and beckons friends, brothers and companions away.

FRIENDSHIP THAT WILL LAST FOR LIFE.

Let us remember the welcome in the lodge room. It may be the opening to years of friendship. The kind voice of a brother greets us, and the chain of fellowship is forged. As the years roll by the bond strengthens and our hearts are as one. We meet in fraternal and social gatherings, and the ripened friendship of a score of years is unbroken. We look to the future with pleasure, and to the Beyond for the rest promised to those who prepare a perfect ashlar. We draw designs for the coming years, and see work and pleasure in the distance; and as we are ready to hew in the forest or carve in the quarry, a silent messenger flits across the path, death's door swings open, and we sing the dirge of woe and hold a lodge of sorrow in our hearts for the friend who has gone.

LET OUR PRACTICE MATCH OUR PREACHING.

Why should there, of all places in the world, be so much that savours of ill-will and heart-burning within the lodge room? We preach toleration and we practice selfishness. We speak of peace, and the next moment our lips vent venom and spleen. We talk of fraternity, and perhaps there are a dozen in the lodge room to whom we are unfriendly. We find fault with others for not acting up to their obligation, and yet if we search our own record we will find it clouded with imperfections. How much good would be done if we were only to live anywhere near the line of our obligation. Severed friend-

ships would be unknown, hasty words would never be spoken, and we might all cheer one another with kind words, doing our best to cherish and act up to principles that smooth the path of life, and make not only ourselves but others happy.

TOO GORGEOUS TO BE GOOD.

The brother who trades upon the Craft, and joins a lodge so that his coffers may be enriched, is the plague-spot of the fraternity. We find the commercial brother everywhere. He may be in the jewellery line, or palming off shoddy, or he may be the presiding genius clothed in spotless white behind the counter of a wine bazaar. You meet him on the rail and on the road, in the church and in the bar-room. Look out for him. He carries no signals and never rings the bell to announce his coming. He is sharper than the sharpest, and his shirt front is a picture, studded with a square and compass. His index finger is weighted down with a signet ring, ornamented with Craft emblems, and his watch chain is like an anchor with glittering baubles dotted with jewels. Keep your lips tyled when this brother is *en route*. His shibboleth is not yours, and if you read his thoughts aright you will find that he winces under the ordeal and cannot pass the fords of the Jordan.

BEWARE OF THE MERCANTILE MASON.

The Craft is beginning to keep one eye open for the brethren who trade on the square, and who evi-

dently have joined the institution for no other purpose than to make money. You cannot be too wary of the mercantile Mason. He may trade in soft goods or hard goods; he may be a member of the church and peddle notions or jewellery. He scents the young Mason as the carrion does its prey. He wines him, or he dines him, just as circumstances require. The Masonic wolf meets you in "de lodge or de chap-it-er," and considers then that he is your bosom friend. He has influence untold—in his own estimation—and he tries to make all believe that the Craft would run on the rocks if this descendant of Solomon were not at the helm. Look out for him. He may want you to invest in a book or a Craft trinket, or purchase a pair of boots. His business is varied, his manner is crude, and it causes a blush to come over the face of decent Craftsmen when they see the fellow salute at the altar.

BROTHERS IN NAME AND HEART.

Yes, it's lodge night. We meet and greet in fraternal welcome, for the time-dial has brought our monthly reunion. With hand extended we wish our brother the joys of health; we speak the words of friendship as if our life for his were the pledge of fellowship. Is our act always born in sincerity? Is it not sometimes the effort of expediency, so common to our nature? Why should not our greetings always bear the true stamp of genuine friendship? Why should not our welcome be so that every word, yes, every look, would carry the conviction

that our hand-shake was real—that our lips spake naught but truth. Just think over this, next lodge night, and when you meet your brother be a brother, not in name only, but in heart. Be frank, and if your mind is burdened with an imagined wrong, act as you are taught at the altar and your heart will be the lighter, your brother happier. You will then have made friends with your conscience in carrying out the great maxim of "forgive and forget."

A BENEFICENT INNOVATION.

The luxury of doing good should be an inspiration to us all. The healing voice of charity as it echoes from lodge to lodge speaks the language of practical virtue. In the effort to relieve distress, serve our brethren, and be a blessing to those who have a claim, we feel it our duty to say a word for the Charity Box. It is an old world idea and a good one. Our brethren in the motherland are giants in their deeds of goodness, and the open-handed liberality with which they dispense their gifts should make us glad that our forefathers were of the stock that shut not the purse string when the cry for succor came. Some of our Canadian lodges, such as Zetland, Toronto, have introduced this beneficent innovation, and as it circles around the festive board, the sound of falling coins tells that the brethren have hearts that throb for the sorrowing ones. Yet, let us remember that the soft-handed charity of the Craft is unobtrusive. Gifts from the Craft are acts of grace. They should be dispensed and then forgotten.

READING, THE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Without a thorough knowledge of the foundation of Masonic law, those into whose hands is committed the governing power, are liable to fall into great error, and, perchance, by unwise legislation, do irreparable injury to our revered Institution. The Master of a lodge, when installed, is required to give his assent to the ancient charges and regulations, and also to promise to preserve the ancient landmarks which the fathers set up. It is, therefore, his duty to study those antique laws, not only for his own guidance in the performance of the duties he has assumed as the Master of a lodge, but also, and more especially, that he may become qualified to be the instructor of the lodge over which he has been called to preside. Count up the masters within your ken, and ask yourself how many are qualified? The great mass of the fraternity are satisfied to pick the bare bones of the ritualistic skeleton, knowing nothing of the rich marrow which those bones contain. To break those bones requires labor, and, at the present day, labor without a reward measured by dollars and cents is too often foolishness. The few read, think, and urge to progress; the great multitude are satisfied with present attainments, and prefer to "sit down, rest, and refresh themselves."

GET OUT OF THE OLD RUT.

There are a dozen different ways of making lodge meetings of interest to the brethren. There is the accurate exemplification of the work, which might be supplemented

by a running comment and explanations as to the symbols and the true significance of the ceremonies. Another pleasant method of avoiding monotony is to have brief papers on Masonic subjects read, occupying not more than thirty or forty minutes; the writer may take the degrees either as a whole or section them off, and give a reading on "The Apron," or "The Great Lights," or "The Offices of Master and Warden." Another capital subject is "The Management of a Lodge." A feature in old lodges is the reading of the minutes of forty years ago. These not only interest the older brethren, but tend to familiarize the younger members with the history of their mother lodge. Yet another idea is the reading of brief histories of the Craft in neighborhoods or of individual lodges. A Board of Trial at work on the floor, and the examination of brethren in the necessary queries, in which they are supposed to be perfect, are other features. These are just a few suggestions out of the many available. Any one of these ideas well worked out would render lodge meeting reunions eagerly looked forward to by the brethren.

GUARD WELL THE PORTALS.

It is a wonder that, notwithstanding all the safeguards provided in the qualification for membership in lodges, a large number of men creep into our fold, who have no right, morally or socially, to be entered on the rolls. There is good ground for the statement which is frequently made, in many jurisdictions, that the gates of the Craft swing open too easily, and that if they were shut for

a limited period it might tend to strengthen the Craft in the estimation of the world at large. Of course in some lodges the greatest care is exercised and the material brought in is a credit to the fraternity. In other cases, especially in city lodges, the idea seems to be with many W. M.'s that a successful year is to be measured by the number of candidates brought in for initiation. Indeed, it is only a few months ago that one of our prominent city lodges actually called the attention of members, in the monthly circular, to the fact that as many candidates as possible should be brought in, so as to make the year a "banner" year in connection with the work of the lodge. We hear the stereotyped cry of too many members and not enough Masons, and of a truth we think this remark might be applied with full force to many city lodges.

The remedies for this fault are at hand, and Craftsmen in the Masonic press have made suggestions so strong that one would almost think Grand Lodge would be compelled to take decided action. There seems to be no way out of the difficulty except by either increasing the initiation fee or making the examination by the lodge committee so searching that unless a man has a very fair record he cannot be received. We do not wish to be unreasonable, but when we look at some of the men who parade in Masonic processions and ask ourselves: "Are these men fit to wear the lambskin?" our inward sense of right tells us that however much the friends who proposed them might justify their membership, a large majority of the brethren of their lodge, if candid opinions were asked,

would say that they were not fit to be received into the ranks of the fraternity.

NEVER.

NEVER take an office the duties of which you cannot discharge.

NEVER fail to watch the ballot box, and thus keep your roll clean.

NEVER join cliques. As a rule they are always in the cold shades.

NEVER talk on every subject up for discussion. Give some one else a chance.

NEVER canvass for office. If you have any value the Craft will seek you out.

NEVER be late for your lodge meeting. Be on hand when the W.M. opens, and go home when lodge closes.

NEVER talk rashly. Think before you speak. Words without thoughts have no mission and are lost in the maze.

NEVER air your knowledge at the expense of your younger brother. Be generous, and remember that you were once young yourself.

NEVER walk into your lodge room in a shambling manner, as if you had no right there. The heft of a brother is oft-times indicated by his gait, when advancing to the altar.

NEVER turn from a brother with a gruff answer. Politeness is an essential that should be cultivated by all. It smooths the rough edges in debate, and should never be lost sight of by brethren.

NEVER revenge yourself with a black ball. It is an unfair advantage to take. The chances are that you are in the wrong. Rather return good for evil and let the applicant come in. You will both be better friends when clothed in the lambskin.

NEVER bother the W.M. He has enough to do to rule the lodge, and your advice interjected at pleasure is a source of annoyance, not only to the W.M. but to the lodge. When asked for advice, give it, but wait till you are asked, and when giving it be as unostentatious as possible. Say what you have to say in as few words as will express your meaning.

NEVER go to lodge and sit through the business routine, taking part in the discussions, showing that you are a man from head to foot, and then when a degree is to be worked go home or seek the ante room to smoke and gossip. Better stay away altogether. It is such as you that do harm to the Craft. You are always on deck, save and except when you are wanted.

NEVER leave your lodge with temper ruffled. Masonry means friendship, and as the sun should not go down on our anger, so neither should we part with ill-will to a brother. Life's struggle is but a short one, and our mission should be to clear away the boulders of ill-will, help one another along the road, so that hand in hand we may enter the gateway that guards the portals of the undissolving lodge.

TO THE FRATERNAL DEAD.

THE COMMITTEES ON

THE CONDITION OF THE CRAFT IN VARIOUS BODIES

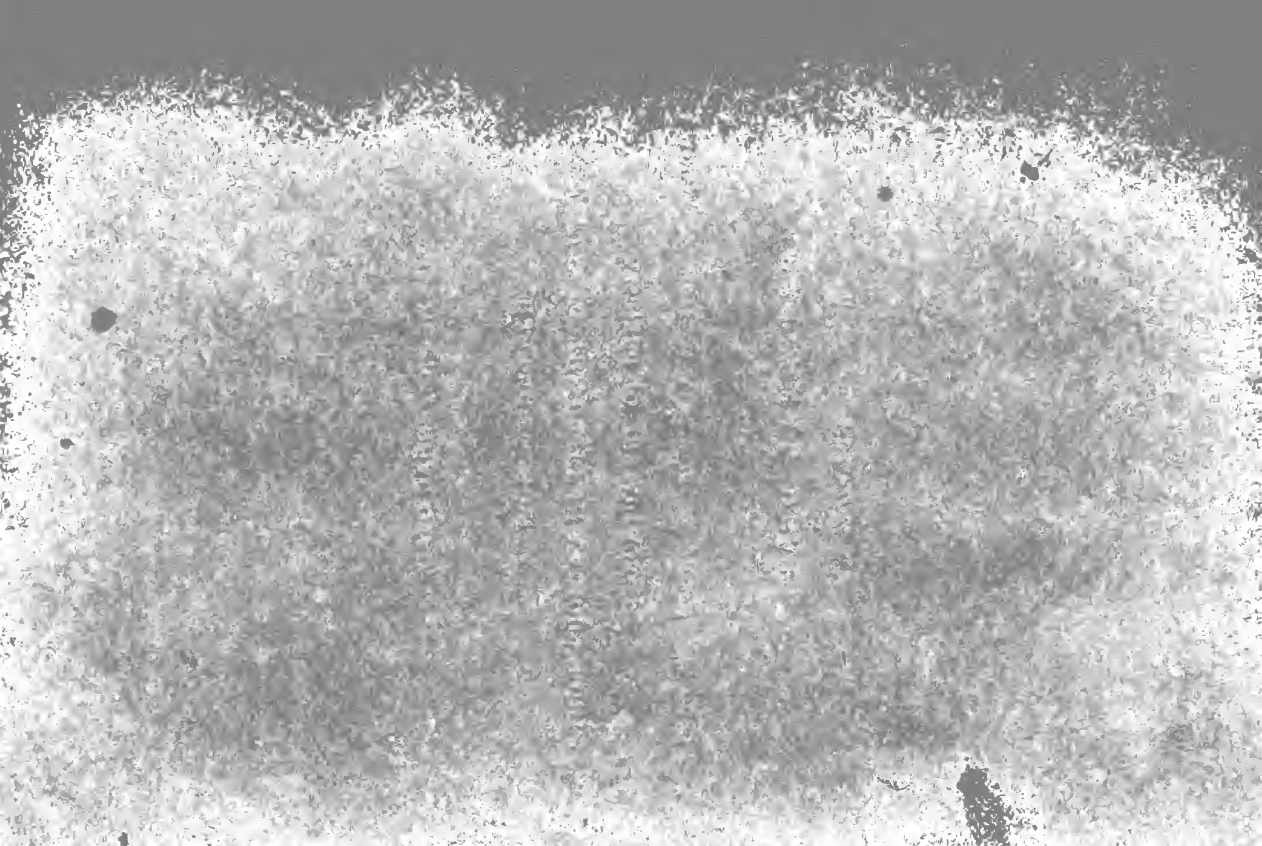
ASSIGNED TO THE AUTHOR

THE DUTY OF WRITING A FEW LINES IN THE REPORTS

ON THE

FRATERNAL DEAD.

HENCE THESE EXTRACTS.



IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF MASONIC VALOR.

The following resolution of thanks to the Volunteers who served in the North-West was moved by R.E. Frater J. Ross Robertson, and seconded by R.E. Frater E. H. D. Hall, at the Annual Assembly of Great Priory in Hamilton, 1885.

Resolved—That the Sovereign Great Priory of Knights Templars of Canada, now assembled in annual session, take this opportunity of recording heartfelt thanks for the services of our gallant kinsmen, who, a few months ago, were called together to repress the actions of misguided men, rebels against constituted authority, who have spread ruin, desolation, and death, in the youngest and fairest portion of this fair Dominion. To these citizen-soldiers who so gallantly took up arms at their country's call this Great Priory extends the fullest meed of gratitude, and to the Fratres, members of our own body, who fought so nobly, and whose deeds have been heralded throughout the land, we desire specially to pay a tribute of honor for the true valor they have shown in defending, despite of all danger, our hearths and homes, facing death with resolute courage, the heritage of those who, wherever our flag floats, have shown themselves worthy of their ancestors in the land beyond the sea.

"Seldom is it our mournful lot to record the loss of those who have fallen on the field of battle. Among the thousands who responded to their country's call were

many Craftsmen. To some of these, the dread sound of the gavel of death came not among the pleasant works of peace, but amid the clash of arms. The deadly bullet, aimed by rebel hands, sent them to a soldier's grave. They gave their lives to their country. Among them was our brother, A. W. Kippen, over whose body our last sad rites were performed by the W. M. of Lodge No. 14, Perth, in the presence of hundreds of Craftsmen, and a large concourse of citizens. Let us treasure the memories of those who have fallen, and lay upon their tombs the tender tribute of a Mason's grief, and to those whom they have left behind let us extend the firm hand of a Mason's fellowship, and shield with our Order's protecting wing the widowed mother and the orphan child.

* * * * * * *

Others have been taken from our ranks. The voice that greeted us when last we met we shall hear no more. Hands that clasped ours are cold in death, and he who was our friend has passed over to the Great Beyond. They were brethren known to a great many of us. Let their good deeds be a monument to their memory, and an incentive to those of us who are left behind to carry out the good work which they were so wont to encourage and eager to advance."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of Craft Masonry, Grand Lodge of Canada, Hamilton,* 1885.

"Death's grim banner has again invaded our Preceptories and summoned some dear to us, to take their places on that 'lone couch and everlasting sleep.' May we ever

cherish the recollection of the happy days when they aided us with their voice and inspired us with their zeal, and let their withdrawal from all earthly scenes be to us a talisman that shall keep us loyal to truth, and active in promoting the principles of our beloved Order."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of the Order of the Temple, at Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Hamilton*, 1885.

"The shadowing wings of the death angel have clouded the threshold of not a few of our brothers who made us glad with their voices when last we met in annual communication. Our joy is lost in sorrow as we hear our Grand Master read the names of those whose faces we so well remember. And lingering with us still seems the very voice of him who a short space ago cheered us as if the ripened friendships of a score of years were never to be broken, as if the teaching of our Legend had no meaning. We stand around the new-made grave, we read our burial rites, we sing our funeral psalms, and, as the earth falls on the coffin-lid, our souls go out in grief for the friend and brother, who, lying in the shades of evergreens, sleeps that iron sleep that all must sleep till wakened by the call of Him who sits where the Great Lights are forever spread. * * * *

"We often speak their names and wonder if in that veiled land, laved by the waters of the Silver Stream, they hear the kindly words falling from our lips, as we extol their virtues, and wrap their frailties in the broad

mantle of a Mason's charity. Some were young in years, cut down before the day dream was realized, others had carried the burdens of manhood, and in their prime, death knocked at the entrance of their happy homes. Others, in the mellow of old age have said good-bye to take their places with the shrouded throng. Let it be our care to be ready for the messenger, and, while we circle around our altars ask that as we hear the wail of the widowed mother and the tiny footfall of our brother's orphan child, we learn well the lesson of the Book that 'he who shutteth his ear against the cry of the poor and needy shall cry himself and not be heard'"—*Extract from Report on the Condition of Craft Masonry, Grand Lodge of Canada, Windsor*, 1886.

"From the muster roll of our Chapters we miss old familiar names. Not a few from this Grand Chapter have been cut down by the sickle of that great reaper, who, without regard to age, garners the sheaves oft-times before the time of harvest. The memorial tablets speak our sorrow for those of our companions who rest in the green fields beyond the shining river, awaiting the glad reunion round the golden throne. They toiled with us in labor, and were constant and sincere. May we not forget the pleasant hours we spent together, and as we carry out our mission may we extend to those our dead have left behind that kindly-handed charity taught us in the symbols we exemplify."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of Capitular Masonry, Grand Chapter of Canada, Windsor*, 1886.

"The joy and pleasure of this, our annual greeting, are not unmixed with sorrow. The cold hand of death has beckoned hence some who foregathered with us one short year ago. We miss their friendly grip, we look for their fraternal smile, their faces glowing with goodness,—but in vain. Their eyes are closed, and their manly voices hushed forever, for the vizored knight, whose mount is the pale steed, has ridden through our ranks Seeing the signal from that hand we cannot see, they, like Soldiers of the Cross, have doffed their armour and lain down to peaceful slumber, awaiting the golden dawning of an eternal day. May the bright memories of the by-gone times, when they gladdened us with their counsel, heal the sorrow of our saddened hearts, cheer us as we speed along life's highway, and help to keep us ever ready for the journey's end."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of the Order of the Temple at Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Windsor,* 1886.

"Death, whose silent signal we must all obey, has dealt sparingly with our Chapter Rolls during the year. While we are grateful to once again meet in fraternal counsel, those whose friendship we cherish, we miss some whose words and greetings are now but a memory. Obedient to the inevitable call, they have gone to their rest, 'beneath that low, green tent, whose curtain never outward swings.' One was a companion whose voice was indeed familiar, who labored for years with us, an earnest Craftsman and a true friend, the dream of whose life, outside

his daily toil, was for the good of the Craft. By the death of Ex. Comp. Joshua G. Burns, a Past Grand Superintendent of this Grand Chapter, on the 28th May, 1887, we lost a companion, well known to the Craft not only in this but in other jurisdictions. He was the intimate friend of many now sitting in this Grand Chapter, a man whose abiding faith and love in and for our Order earned for him in life the good-will and respect of all. Now that he has gone 'to that dreamless night of long repose,' let us in our speech say of him kindly words, and, for the little ones he has left behind, let us do what we are taught in the Legend of the Temple Builder, shield them in their tender years, and help them as they climb into womanhood to reflect honor upon him who, in the prime of life, has been taken to the shore unknown. * * * * *

"Let the memory of their many virtues inspire us to go higher in our thoughts, as we move through earth's vast throng, awaiting the day when we too shall touch again the vanished hand, and hear the sound of voices now still in death."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of Capitular Masonry, at Grand Chapter of Canada, Brockville,* 1887.

"The Board is thankful that the Grand Architect has dealt so mercifully with the membership of the Grand Lodge during the past year, and that so few of our brethren have been called away to end life's journey, and join the host that is ever pressing towards the dawn of

the eternal morning. For those who have entered into the pale repose let us record on the leaves of memory pleasant thoughts of the hours when they communed with us, and cheered us with their words as we together plodded past life's mile-stones. The memorial tablets in our records are fitting tributes to the work of these brethren who, so short a time ago, helped us onward to the goal that we too will reach when we shall have finished the lesson taught us in the Legend of the Craft."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of Craft Masonry, Grand Lodge of Canada, Toronto,* 1888.

"The pleasure that we have in meeting in our annual reunion is darkened by the thought that some of those who counselled with us a year ago are now in the better life. We pause as we listen to the roll call, and, with hearts full of sadness, miss the friendly face, the absent voice of our brother, who so often journeyed with us in our pilgrimage. We look for his kindly greeting, and then remember that one bright May morning, when nature looked her loveliest, we sat in silence and gazed at his dead form from which 'no voice was heard—no sign was given,' and realized that he was gone. Sir Knight Joshua G. Burns, a Past Grand Vice-Chancellor of this Grand Priory, was one who contributed much by his untiring zeal and energy to the success of the cause of Templarism in this Province, and his death leaves a blank in the ranks of those who for years have been hand in hand in their efforts to promote, not only the Order of

the Temple, but those kindred associations from which we receive support. Of many now seated in this Great Priory, he was the personal and intimate friend, one whose cheery words and good counsel were like sunshine spoken, for they were always welcome.

"Let us treasure his memory in our hearts and with our voice speak kindly of our Frater, who so short a time ago was with us in the full prime of vigorous manhood." —*Extract from the Report on the Condition of the Order of the Temple, Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Brockville,* 1887.

"The heavy hand of the dread angel has again been reaping in this field of Masonic labor. Some of those who have helped in the forest, in the quarry, and at our annual reunions, have answered the summons of the silent messenger, and 'taken the path that man must tread, if man would ever pass to God.' The memory of the hours when their friendly voices gave us counsel, re-awakens pleasure. We think of their genial faces and good words. It was but yesterday when they were here, they now are not, for our companions have pierced the everlasting mists that veil our view of the beyond, to realize in experience the truth of all that was taught them in the lesson of the Legend of the Craft. This is the seed time, and the harvest is sure to come to all. Let us emulate the virtues of our companions who have so lately said 'Good-bye,' and thus build a sure bulwark around the friendships moulded in our fraternal gatherings. May

they be constant and sincere. The place where human harvests grow, whether in the crowded city or the little country village, has marble tablets that look heavenward, inscribed with the names of so many who, through the years, have helped us to success in this Grand Chapter. As time rolls on, and we join the shrouded throng, let our work stand in bold relief, so that when life's mission is complete, and we view the golden sunrise, it may be said by the loved ones left behind, that we earned our reward, and did our duty."—*Extract from the Report on the Condition of Capitular Masonry, Grand Chapter of Canada, Toronto*, 1888.

"We are grateful that the sickle of the Great Reaper has spared so many of us, once more to form the Arch of Steel. Our gratitude is only tempered by the sorrow that has its source in sad memories of those who were, but are not. They have passed from toil to rest. Time that has thinned our ranks can never deaden our recollections of the Fratres who counselled with us at our last reunion, and whom we shall see no more, until we meet them in the fairer country. May the memories of all the good qualities of the departed Fratres grow greener with the years. We are but travellers towards the goal they have reached. Let us pay our tributes to the upright dead, and draw strength for the remainder of the journey that lies before us, so that when we are called into the Golden Chamber of the King, we too may leave behind us the fragrant memory of an honest, earnest life."—*Ex-*

tract from the Report on the Condition of the Order of the Temple, Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Toronto, 1888.

"While we rejoice in prosperity, we cannot close our summary of this year's labor without a kindly thought and word for those who were, but are not, who, a year ago, counselled with us in all the activities of Craft life. As a fitting sequence to this annual review, we may pause to recall the earnest endeavors of those who gladdened us with their greeting in days gone by, but who have hastened on to answer the voice we cannot hear. We raise our memorial tablets, and read the names of those whose friendship and kindliness we prized in life, and still we scarce realize the grim truth that they no longer interchange a friendly word, or greet us with the welcome and well remembered voice. We sorrow as we call the roll. Even to a second call no answer is returned, and then memory turns to that day—not so long ago—when we stood on the grassy coverlet of the little country churchyard, and heard the sound of mattocked clay, forever hiding, as it fell, the resting-place of him who was dear to us. * * * * * *

"Prominent among those who have been called away, we are reminded of many who were pillars of thought and earnestness, companions who gloried in the work of the Craft, and whose efforts were enthroned in a resolve to hold fast to our sacred teachings in word and act. We all miss Henry Bickford, a Right Excellent Companion, so

good, gentle and true, a prince in kindliness and friendship, a worthy Craftsman, honored as a man, respected as a citizen, around whose grave the whole country-side circled, and of whom naught but kind words were spoken. Others, too, are at their journey's end, and should be honored with our 'In Memoriam.'

* * * * * * *

"We valued their counsels. We miss their friendly faces. Our teachings were to them but primers of what they now know, for they know all, standing as they do before Him who holds the golden sceptre, whose judgments are final, whose decrees are merciful, and from whose court there is no appeal. Let us hallow their good deeds, and be firm in our resolve to do right and secure our crown. Let us do our duty by shielding their widows and helpless little ones, who, it is our pride to think, have a claim upon us, and who, as they welcome our offering, thank the day a husband, brother, or son, knelt at an altar, and was brought from the outer darkness of the world into the inner light of the Craft."—*Extracts from the Report on the Condition of Capitular Masonry, Grand Chapter of Canada, Owen Sound,* 1889.

TO THE MEMORY OF A WILLING WORKER.

ADDRESS AT ST. CATHARINES, 8TH MAY, 1889, ON UNVEILING A TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE M. W. BRO. JAMES SEYMOUR, P. G. M.

The tablet was presented to the lodges by the sculptor Bro. James Munro, and Bro. Robertson in unveiling it said:

"The duty which, at the request of your Worshipful Master and brethren of St. Catharines, I have undertaken, is perhaps not an unfitting sequel to the survey of Masonic history with which I have endeavoured to acquaint you this evening. You with me have been dwellers for a season in the Masonic past, sojourners with our brethren of the olden time. We have for a little while been sharers of the joys, the sorrows, and the hopes of the early Craftsmen and pioneers of our fraternity. It is eminently fitting, therefore, before we separate, that we should do honor to one of that willing band of workers who, when this country was young, gave his ability and talents to the rearing of the Craft Temple in the old Niagara District—a district sacred forever to the cause of the Craft. It has been said of our heroes, whom an ungrateful country allows to sleep in unmarked graves, that the memory of their valor is their only monument. The dead, to whom we as Masons are debtors, live in the grand results to which they were contributing in those distant times. I participate in this last tribute of respect to James Seymour, all the more willingly because he was active and zealous in Craft work, and not only that, but he was a personal friend, whose advice I valued, and whose many good qualities of head and heart are among my treasured recollections. Standing as I do amongst his friends, in whose society he lived out his life, it would be presumption on my part to attempt an enumeration of his virtues, and yet I feel that Craft work throughout the entire jurisdiction was so aided by his efforts and counsel,

that his death is not a local bereavement, but a loss to the fraternity in Canada. This silent memorial of the sculptor's art will be valued by the brethren who knew our late brother when in life, and as they read the records of the Order, and recall the activities of the Craft, it will surely stimulate them to follow the example of one who was an earnest and active worker, a worthy Craftsman who, in the busy haunts of daily life, fought the battle on the lines laid down in the book that lies open on our altar."—*From the St. Catharines Journal.*

RE-OPENING THE TORONTO MASONIC TEMPLE.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON 31ST MAY, 1889, WITH LECTURE ON THE EARLY MEETING PLACES OF THE CRAFT.

(Toronto *Freemason*, June, 1889.)

The Masonic Temple on Toronto-Street was re-opened on the 31st May, after renovation and elaborate decoration. A large company of Craftsmen were present and R.W. Bro. E T. Malone, President of the Masonic Hall Trust, occupied the chair. For the occasion a lecture on "The Meeting Places of the Craft," was delivered by R.W. Bro. Robertson, prefaced by the following address:

"I may be pardoned if I offer a word of apology in connection with the compilation of my lecture, because it was late in the afternoon of yesterday that R. W. Bro. Malone asked me to prepare something for the brethren who would meet here to-night, and although I have en-

deavored to cover the ground satisfactorily, it would have been more pleasant for me to have had longer time, so as to look up other facts in connection with the subject that is so deeply interesting to all Craftsmen, especially those living in Toronto. I feel somewhat diffident in being called upon to speak to-night before such a large assemblage of brethren, nearly all of whom are my personal friends, and whose good opinion I appreciate to such an extent that they deserve the best that can be given them in connection with the subject. I am diffident for other reasons. True, the brethren with whose presence I am favored to-night, may not be all eyes for the beauty of the recreated interior, but I do not think I am far wrong when I say that they have gathered here to see rather than to listen. Conscious as I am that my style of physical architecture would not match the magnificence of this apartment, it is with some little reluctance that I am forced into apparent competition for your attention with the decorations of R. W. Bro. R. J. Hovenden. But still, you have, no doubt, since the opening, had ample time to view the elaborate designs and colorings of the artist, and I think I can say with yourselves that the Masonic Hall Trust deserve every credit for the very complete manner in which they have carried out their work. There are two organizations in connection with the Craft that I am always anxious to serve: one is the Masonic Hall Trust, and the other the Masonic Board of Benevolence. I am anxious to serve these bodies because the members give a large portion of their

time, without fee or reward, to the service of the Craft, and not only husband the resources of Masonry in Toronto, but see that the moneys entrusted to their care are properly laid out. Although I have had the honor some years ago of being the President of the Hall Board, and am at present actively connected with the Benevolent Board, what I say is not so much to put in a good word for myself as to honor the twenty or thirty brethren who are associated with me in the work, and who, I am afraid, very often receive but scant recognition at the hands of the Craft. Indeed, I think that with regard to the work of relief, the brethren of Toronto have little conception of the large amount of valuable time given by the officers and members of that Board, and the sharp and sometimes merciless criticism to which they are subjected, if they do not meet the views of every brother who has an idea that the funds of the Craft, entrusted to the keeping of the members of this Board, can be expended without great care and precaution. There are no members of any organization of the Craft that are more zealous than the members of both the Hall Board and the Benevolent Board, and I am not saying a word too much for the members of either of the bodies, and I refer more especially to the latter—when I state that no thanks that could be tendered them could repay them for the earnest attention they give to the work, and requite their sincere desire to take care of those who, it is our pride to think, have a claim on us. The brethren should have the kindliest feeling for those connected with such organizations.

They are faithful and true stewards, and discharge their trust as men and brethren, and have no right to be subjected to the taunts of brothers who, in the ordinary business of life, would not criticise the work that is paid for, as they sometimes do this work, that is one of grace and good-will."

Bro. Robertson then proceeded with his lecture, giving interesting facts concerning the cathedral builders of the early days, with the meeting-places of the lodges of continental workmen, who travelled from one part of Europe to another in the erection of sacred edifices. He gave some particulars of the Masonic Temples of Great Britain and the continent, and referred to the earlier lodge rooms and the places dedicated to Masonry in the United States of America. Interesting particulars were also furnished of the meeting-places of the Craft in Toronto, from the days of the old Queen's Rangers' Lodge, when the brethren met in Masonic communion in the little log lodge room in the Old Fort at Toronto, down to the building of the suite of rooms on Toronto-Street, at present occupied by the Craft. The migrations of all the lodges from the beginning of the present century, the meeting-places where the old lodges were organized, and where the early Craft Grand Lodges were held, were also described.

In the course of the lecture the speaker outlined the primary causes which led to the inauguration of Masonry and establishment of the Craft. Proceeding onward he depicted the numerous difficulties and obstacles which beset the Order on every hand during the eighteenth cen-

tury. The most interesting portion of the lecture was the description of the struggles of the first lodges in Toronto, in which eventually they triumphed, and reached their present position of affluence and prosperity.

A CRAFTSMAN'S EVENING.

A TALK OF THE DAYS OF LONG AGO—THE STORY OF THE PIONEERS OF MASONRY IN OLD UPPER CANADA.

(*Toronto "Freemason" July, 1889.*)

On Friday evening, the 28th of June, 1889, the Masonic Temple on Toronto Street was favoured with a large and intelligent audience, gathered together to hear an historic recital of the history of Masonry in Upper Canada, from its foundation in 1792 to the present time, by R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, the Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. V. W. Bro. F. M. Morson occupied the chair, as the W. M. of Ionic Lodge, under whose auspices the lecture was given.

The lecturer opened with a resumé of the Craft-history of England, from the mythical period of York in 926 down to the reorganization in England in 1717, with a reference to the Grand Lodges at York, London, and the Athol Grand Lodge, the latter having more bearing than any other on Canadian Craft history. He then proceeded with the Craft work in Canada, the life of the Jarvis Lodges, the Provincial Grand Lodge of 1822-1845, the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada, the merging of the English Provincial Grand Lodge into the Ancient

Grand Lodge of Canada, and finally the union of the latter with the Grand Lodge of Canada. After the lecture, R. W. Bro. Robertson addressed the brethren. He said:—

"W. Sir, R. W. Sirs and brethren—I can assure the brethren of Ionic Lodge, and the brethren of the city lodges, who have been kind enough to favour me with their attendance this evening, that I particularly appreciate the honour that they pay me in connecting the toast 'The Most Worshipful, the Grand Master, and the Grand Lodge' with the position that the brethren have favoured me with in the governing body of the Craft. I feel sure that I do not indulge in terms of flattery when I claim that our Most Worshipful Grand Master Walkem will compare more than favourably in earnestness, assiduity, and faithfulness with any Grand Master who has preceded him in the jurisdiction. It is gratifying for me to proclaim this statement, as from personal contact with the Grand Master, and actual knowledge of the feeling of the Craft, as conveyed to me in a tour throughout all the districts, I can assure you that towards him the kindest and most fraternal feelings exist. All know the deep interest our M.W. brother takes in Craft work. (Applause.) He is one who merits honor by work accomplished, and in any position he has held the same story can be told, that his heart is in the right place, and that he is resolved to make his mission a success by sincerity and faithfulness in the work of Masonry. He has visited many of the important parts of the jurisdiction, and I only regret that

while he was in this city on his way from Guelph he was unable to remain and be with us this evening. His presence was, however, required in an eastern district to perform the ceremony of laying a corner-stone, thus compelling his absence to-night. Before Grand Lodge meets he purposes making a few more visits to complete his circuit. For the other Grand officers, especially the Grand Secretary, R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, and the Grand Treasurer, R. W. Bro. Edward Mitchell, both residents of Hamilton—a city, by the way, an example of absolute Craft harmony, union and good fellowship—I can say that they discharge the distinctive duties of their offices, not in a perfunctory manner, but with a personal interest in the work that should secure for them even more than the ordinary esteem in which we hold our Grand officers. Bro. Mitchell is perhaps one of the most entertaining speakers and best exponent of Craft thought in the entire jurisdiction. I should not forget the chairman of the committees of the Board, brethren like M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, whose unswerving fidelity to the work of benevolence has so aided us in the distribution and allotment of funds, that we are enabled to do a very large amount of good. Indeed if it were not for the care with which claims are enquired into, and the good judgment displayed by the M.W. Bro. and his committee, we might not be the blessing that we are to those who have a claim upon us.

"This evening concludes with me my tour through the districts, and in the matter of Craft visitation I feel, just

as the M. W. the Grand Master does, that in the past our lodges have not been dealt with fairly by Grand Lodge officers, and that by these friendly visits we not only encourage the active, but quicken the luke-warm, members of the Craft. For my part I feel that it is unfair to the brethren, after showering rank, honour, and regalia on those whom they select at Grand Lodge, that the recipients should be content with returning thanks, embellished with many promises, and then disappear, Jack-in-the-box like, for a whole year, to re-appear at the next session, where they probably want more honour, more rank and possibly more regalia. In the interval they do little or nothing for the bone and sinew of the Craft—for the men whose hearts kindle with enthusiasm at the friendly visit of an officer of Grand Lodge. It was, therefore, to avoid the slightest approach to anything like that which I have described, and for the good of the Craft, that these lecture tours were inaugurated. I have paid forty visits to different sections of the jurisdiction, visiting every district with one exception, and when I talk to my brethren at North Bay and Mattawa I will have completed a work which certainly no Deputy Grand Master, and possibly no Grand Master, has ever accomplished.

"By this visitation a new interest has been awakened in Craft work. Brethren who have been members of the Craft for eight or ten years, and who knew comparatively little or nothing about their Order, have profited by my research. They have heard what I have told them not only in my lecture, but in addresses on Freemasonry in

general, and they now see the Craft in a different light. Many brethren have been good enough to say that they will attend their lodges more regularly, and do what they can to help on the glorious work of Masonry. That is the spirit which should actuate all who belong to our fraternity. I was very much impressed with my meeting at Ottawa. I had M. W. Bro. General Laurie, the P. G. M. of Nova Scotia, on my right, and M. W. Bro. J. V. Ellis, the P. G. M. of New Brunswick, on my left—two excellent brethren, well up in years, and yet as active in Craft work as if they were, with gavel in hand, governing a lodge. I also had around me a large number of visitors who fly, like our feathered friends, once a year to climes that are most welcome, and hence even the cold of our northern capital does not chill them. These brethren represented all classes and conditions of men—some were willing to build railways, some canals, some would take a contract to bridge the Atlantic, and all were after the philosopher's stone. Their views of civil government differed in a greater or less degree, and yet all were Masons, and, while gathered around the great lights, had naught but one heart and one wish—the good of the Craft. Ottawa was certainly their Mecca. My Mecca, however, is the spot where our work nears perfection, and where we endeavor in our lives and practice, not to live on the limits of our obligations, so to speak, but, striking for the centre, act in sincerity our part, so that men may see we are not Masons in name only. Might I not say that Toronto is indeed the Mecca of Freemasonry in

Canada? We show an interest in our work that puts us on a par with more extensive jurisdictions on the other side of the line, and after we cast a retrospective glance to the old-time days we can, I think, look around with pleasure, beholding in the lodges of Toronto and the brethren of Toronto, worthy descendants of the pioneers whose lives were pledged to the work of the Craft.

"No one feels more than I do the importance of the position I now hold. I am following men who were blessed with natural ability, and more immediately, one, who reinforced by an extensive professional experience, possesses advantages that I cannot possibly attain. While I willingly recognize their merits, I claim an equality with all in my love for and desire to see the Craft progress. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I first had the honor of entering a lodge room, and during that time I have taken the deepest interest in the work, whether in the private lodges or in Grand Lodge, and I hope that my interest may never wane; and my only wish is that I may be spared to place in acceptable shape the story of the Craft life of the past. Regarding this work, my hope is that in the near future it may be so completed as to be on record in our archives. Some brethren have asked me as to the form of publication, and as to whether it will be in book form. My brethren, there are enough members doing business on the square without the Deputy Grand Master stepping into the arena as an evangelist of commerce. My effort is to gather together the records and so arrange them that

either in my lifetime, or after I am gone, they will be in such form that the Craft may have access to them and derive all possible benefit from the work thus preserved.

"The meetings I have attended during the past six months have given me an insight into Craft work and life that is gratifying. I have rambled over the entire jurisdiction, and am convinced that there is as much fraternity and good-fellowship in Canada as there is in other jurisdictions in the world. My experience in my travels on this continent, and in the old world, shows me that Masonry possesses no peer as a social and fraternal organization. While kindred organizations may do good in their respective localities, the benefits of Masonry are so widespread that there is no doubting the fact that ours is the one universal society, where the responsive heart of friendship throbs, and brotherly love is exemplified and taught. It is universal. Be it at the north or south, on the Pacific slope or Atlantic main, it is the same.

"The interest taken in our work is not confined to the initiates, and although we have a large number of unaffiliates, yet we have men all over the jurisdiction, from fifty to ninety years of age, who attend our meetings with regularity.

"As you are all aware, Grand Lodge meets next month, and many questions will come up for discussion. On the agenda, or notice paper, we have quite a number of interesting subjects. One brother desires that the initiation fee be raised from $20 to $25. Another brother desires an alteration in the clause of the Constitution, which

refers to the work. Another wants to change lodges from one district to another—and in this case as chairman of the Committee on Redistribution, I trust the Masonic map will not be disturbed. Another brother thinks that where all or most lodges have concurrent jurisdiction, the names of rejected applicants should be sent to both—an excellent suggestion. Another brother desires that all ballots for the Board shall contain the full number of names—at present a brother may vote for one, two, three, four or five, etc., for the Board. Another brother desires a new clause affecting the resignation of officers, and another brother thinks all business should be transacted in the Third Degree. Grand Lodge, as a deliberative organization, stands well, and I have no doubt all the notices of motion will be fully and freely discussed and 'a true verdict found.'

"We can also, I think, congratulate ourselves on the success of Masonry, not only as a social and fraternal organization, but also in the good we have been the means of doing in providing comforts for those whom we have a right to shield and protect. We may likewise put in a good word for the General Board of Relief of the United States and Canada, with which we are affiliated, and which has materially aided us in detecting frauds and tramps, whose aim is to impose on our charity. We have in Toronto, by this connection, reduced our transient relief about sixty per cent., and in the United States and Canada we have in three years caught about eight hundred tramps and impostors. The good-hearted—and

at the same time cautious—Grand Secretary, R.W. Bro. J. J. Mason, gave me an incident the other day which is worth repeating. One John Tascar—I think that was his name—called upon Bro. Mason and solicited aid. He was admitted into the Grand Secretary's office, and with sorrow stamped upon his face poured out a woeful tale of poverty and wretchedness, asking for aid to carry him as far as Kingston, where he had friends who would help him on to Montreal. 'Well,' said Bro. Mason, 'I'm sorry. Step in, for I've just had a letter about you,' and then Bro. Mason reads: 'John Tascar, —— Lodge, —— clerk, age 40, height 5 feet, 11 inches, weight 170 pounds, blue eyes, etc., a dead-beat, a tramp and a liar—unworthy of relief.' 'Is that you, sir?' asked Bro. Mason. 'Yes,' answered Tascar; 'and,' he continued, turning towards the door, 'those infernal circulars are always following me. This is the third time that circular thing has been read to me. Good morning.' Bro. Mason smiled and resumed labour.

"After my lecture at Guelph, I was a listener to the recital of a story, the accuracy and absolute truth of which are vouched for by R.W. Bro. Donald McPhie, of Hamilton, and R.W. Bro. J. J. Mason.

"At the recent railway accident at St. George, thirty minutes after the ill-fated train plunged into that abyss, scores of willing helpers were on the scene, eager in the merciful work of rescue. While one party was searching amid a mass of flaming wreck, they heard a voice, apparently that of a coloured man, calling for their attention

at once, in language that is dear to every Mason's heart. Hands that were eager to rescue a few minutes before were now frantic, and in five minutes a coloured brother, a dining-car waiter and member of an American Masonic lodge, was pulled out of the mass of débris and car timbers of the wrecked diner, and lives to repeat his story to the glory of the Craft. While this work of rescue was going on, a second voice shouted from beneath the wreck, words of import for one in distress, for amid the din and noise and shrieks for succour, he who owned the voice had heard his brother's cry for aid. Quick as thought willing hands were at work, and Bro. George Margetts, the conductor of the dining car, was pulled from beneath a car door which pinned him down, and over which streamed hot water from the tank of the cooking range, which had fortunately fallen on the door, for if the door had not protected him his death by scalding was certain. A third man on being taken from the wreck frightfully burned, looked up beseechingly at his rescuers and said, 'Is there a Mason's lodge, or Masons here?' Hearing the answer of a St. George brother: 'Yes, there's a lodge and lots of Masons,' said, 'Then, thank God, I'm all right.' This poor brother, however, only lived a few hours. Brethren, these are not stories made up for the sake of telling, but true as life, and shed a thrill of an earnest purpose through every Mason's heart. I don't know what more I can say this evening. I fully recognize your goodness and patience in hearing me. I am glad to be with my brethren always, and I

hope that I may be spared to do a little more for the cause, to aid my brethren in the work we have so much at heart, so that, in the years to come, when I am gone, my brethren may be able to say of me that with all my faults I did my duty in this, the grandest of all fraternal organizations on the face of the globe."

RE-UNIONS OF THE MASONIC PIONEERS.

One of the happiest features of our lodge gatherings is the occasional re-union of the old members, the veterans of the Craft who, in the early days in their lodges were active in the work, and wielded an influence that has eventuated for good to their lodges and to the Craft at large. Barton Lodge at Hamilton, St. Andrew's at Toronto, Ancient St. John at Kingston, and the Moira Lodge at Belleville, have all had such meetings with the most felicitous results. This annual coming together, if judiciously managed, could be made welcome to our brethren who are up in years, and who, on account of age and other infirmities, are not permitted to visit as of yore. We should venerate the gray hairs of the fathers of the Craft. We reap where we did not sow and enjoy, to a great extent, the fruits of their labours. Their recollections of the past and kindly approval of the acts of those who are marching in their footsteps would have a harmonizing influence on the membership. Bring, therefore, our old brethren to the lodge room, and let us worship together at the shrine of the past. Make the meet-

ings interesting, and spice them with brief addresses, interesting to old and young. The shadows are deepening around the home of many of our seniors in the Craft, and while they are with us let them know that they are not forgotten.

IMMORTAL IN ITS INFLUENCE.

The fear is sometimes expressed that the influence of the Craft is on the wane, that the summit of our growth has been reached, that we are off the Craft line and sidetracked among the societies, associations and organizations of men striving to reach the same goal as ourselves, but with more effective methods, which not only popularize but enrich, and thus invite membership. To a certain extent we are ready to admit that the position of the Craft is not as strong as it might be, and still, all thinking men know that while the wave of benefit association prosperity may not continueto gather strength on its way, its force may soon be exhausted. It is claimed, of course, that all these associations have a tendency to weaken the influence of the Craft. Is it an irrational or unreasonable claim, for we, in thus writing, desire to say naught but kindly words of organizations that, for the time being at least, are doing a certain amount of good. It must be remembered that all benefit organizations are kept up by the young and incoming membership. The old members die off, calls accumulate, at first few in number, and then the increase is gradual. Members withdraw,

and their places are filled with those who have either come in voluntarily or have been canvassed for by active agents. Still, even the success of all these associations has not militated against the Craft influence; indeed, it may be that the apparent loss in Craft membership will have a beneficial effect in the future. We have heard it said that we are making too many members and that true Masons are few. We do find that occasionally zeal exceeds discretion in some of the fields of Craft work. It is wonderful, indeed, that in the struggle we have even held our own, for we offer no inducement save the friendship and fellowship of social enjoyment. We win brethren to our cause for manhood's sake, for the reason that, as human beings, it is part of our mission to do good to our fellow men, to cultivate the fields of thought that are lying waste. The influences of the Craft are world-wide, its pulse-beat is felt on both continents, the obligation, if it does no more than have a restraining effect on the youthful minds, is serving a good purpose. The initiate, unless he is callous to the core, cannot but feel that he is in a circle that possesses all the elements of morality and religion. He cannot shun the influences that prevail where our teachings are appreciated, and we venture to say that a large percentage of those who reverently kneel at our altars, do carry away new thoughts and bright resolves of a better future, and a heartfelt pledge to live up to the lines laid down in the promises to which they are pledged.

A DUTY OF THE CRAFT.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF TRINITY CHURCH, BLENHEIM, ON THE 7TH AUGUST, 1889.

(*From The Toronto Mail.*)

CHATHAM, Aug. 8.—The ceremony of laying the corner stone of Trinity Anglican church at Blenheim took place yesterday with Masonic honours. The ceremony was performed by R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Rev. David Armstrong, the Grand Chaplain, and about three hundred members of the Craft were present, in addition to about 1,500 of the inhabitants of the town and the surrounding country. The Grand Lodge opened at three o'clock, with R. W. Bros. T. C. Macnabb, of Chatham, acting as Deputy Grand Master, A. J. Anderson, of Ridgetown, as Grand Senior Warden, and A. H. Clarke, D.D.G.M., of the first Masonic District, as Grand Junior Warden. The proceedings were opened by a religious service by the rector of the church, and Ven. Arch. Saunders, of Chatham. The impressive ceremony of the Masonic fraternity was then performed by the officers of the Grand Lodge, after which R. W. Bro. Robertson delivered the following address:

Men, Women and Children—Pursuant to the command of our M. W. Grand Master, and at the invitation of you, reverend sir, and those associated with you in this work of works, we are congregated here in

Grand Lodge to-day to discharge a duty that is peculiarly acceptable to the members of the fraternity of Masons, by laying the foundation or corner stone of an edifice dedicated to the worship of the omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent Father—the Great and Glorious Architect of the Universe. We, as Masons, regret, and I am sure you will join with us in our regrets, that the esteemed brother who so faithfully presides over the twenty thousand Craftsmen of this fair province is not able to be with us to-day, for no one is more eminently worthy to take trowel in hand and perform the duty that has so happily fallen to my lot than M. W. Bro. R. T. Walkem, the Supreme officer of our great brotherhood. He is a brother known to so many of you, a prominent and consistent member of your own communion, one to whom we all look up with pride, as an exemplar in word and act of the principles and precepts upon which our institution is founded. Words fail me when I endeavor to express the pleasure that we, as Masons, have in contributing by our efforts to place as firmly as on a rock this temple, which shall yet contain another of the ten thousand pulpits from which will be preached "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." Occasions of this kind are deemed opportune, by the presiding officer of the Craft, to refer to the principles on which our Order is founded, and in doing so briefly—with a care not to weary my listeners—I purpose to vary the general rule slightly by pointing out the more immediate connection we, as Masons, have in ceremonials of

this kind, and I do so because by many outside the pale the brotherhood of Freemasons and its mysteries may not be looked upon as happily and kindly as the institution deserves. From time immemorial it has been the pleasant and agreeable duty of the Craft to take part in the laying of corner stones of public edifices, thus aiding in the advancement of the public weal. Indeed, when we look back to the history of early times we find that the corner stones were laid by the Roman colleges of builders, from whom we claim descent, and these works were accompanied by impressive ceremonies, and an ancient writer, in his description of the rebuilding of the capital of Rome, well describes the ceremonial, to which that of to-day is similar in import. The symbolism of the corner stone is to us Masons full of significance, for in its form it must be perfectly square, and in its solid contents a cube. Now, the square is to us the symbol of morality, and the cube of truth. This stone is set between the north, the place of darkness, and the east, the place of light, illustrating the Masonic progress from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge. The permanency of this chiselled block of granite, this corner stone, which will remain firm after the building falls into decay, is intended to remind Masons of the sure foundation of eternal life, the corner stone of immortality, which survives the tomb, and rises triumphant over the grave. And thus the virtues of a Mason—and of all men—must stand the crucial test before being pronounced by the Master Builder of souls to be materials worthy of that spiritual temple, fitted "as living stones

for that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." For this work we feel that by right of heredity, we, as Masons, have peculiar claims. When we look down the long vista of the centuries that have gone by, we find that the early edifices erected and consecrated to the deity, were cut, carved, and hewn out of the original rock by the hands of the Monastic builders, whose work as sculptors and designers we see to-day in the cathedral towers and spires of continental Europe. These societies were succeeded by the fraternities of stonemasons, who, as travelling builders, journeyed all over Europe, and engaged in the erection of sacred edifices. In turn these associations of men were sought after by the learned in art and science, and the operative feature became distinct from the speculative. It ceased the building of a material temple, and devoted itself to the erection of a spiritual one, and the working tools of the operative became symbols in the work of the speculative, so that what aided the workman in erecting the building aids us, as Freemasons, in directing the mental faculties, and improving the mind that the Grand Architect has given us. Thus while the twenty-four inch gauge, or rule, the common gavel, and the chisel, are used by the workman in his calling, to measure, hew, and shapen the stones, we find in these tools great lessons. From the twenty-four inch gauge we derive a lesson of daily admonition and instruction, for it recalls to our minds the division of the day into twenty-four hours, and directs us to apportion them to their proper objects, viz.: prayer, labour, refreshment

and sleep. From the common gavel we learn that skill without exertion is of little avail, for the heart may conceive and the head devise in vain if the hand be not prompt to execute the design. From the chisel we learn that perseverance is necessary to perfection, that the rough rock receives its fine finish from repeated efforts alone, and that nothing short of indefatigable exertion can induce the habit of virtue, enlighten the mind, and render the soul pure. I might go on at greater length, and give you more extended illustrations, but time will not permit. Our institution is founded on the principles of brotherly love, relief, and truth, which are built upon the Scriptural teachings of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Our brotherly love extends to all who circle round our altars, and to mankind at large. Our relief we give, not only to those of our brethren in distress, to the widows and helpless ones, whom it is our pride to think have a claim upon us, but in cases where greater disaster has afflicted the world. Truth we exemplify in our sincerity and honesty one with another, and in our search for knowledge. Our faith is in the mercy and promises of the Great Architect; our hope is in that immortality, promised to all who shall follow the teachings of the Master, and our charity is in good-will and affection one to another. Surely an institution founded on such principles should command the love and respect of the world. Further, let me say to you, as has been said by a learned brother on the other side of the line—and I divulge this secret on the strict understanding that none of those connected

with the Young Ladies' Guild of this congregation shall flee to the telegraph office and wire the Grand Master—that Masonry is not, in the accepted sense of the term, a secret society. Its aims and purposes are very much the same as those of the very church with which so many of you are connected. True, we may have a language that is known but to the brotherhood, but, surely, in this way it is well to create union, so that we may thus be enabled to do a greater amount of good. The pickets that guard the outposts of our national militia camps at London, Niagara, and other places in the Dominion have secret countersigns, and yet we do not for a moment claim that an army is a secret society. No, my friends, we justify our methods by the experience of years, and on the same principle that an organized army is better than a mob, so we maintain that by union we gain strength that enables us to carry into the work of every-day life the principles taught us in our lodge-room. As a fraternal organization we, as Masons, may claim honour and dignity. The best men and brightest minds of all lands have their names on our rolls, and her Majesty's representative in Canada, Earl Stanley, is a member of the Grand Lodge of England. The kings, emperors, and rulers of the earth have laid down the kingly sceptre to assume the simple gavel of a W. M., which calls the Craft together, and in our motherland the good Victoria has a kindly heart and eye for the fraternity, of which all her sons, and grandsons too, are bright and shining lights. I am afraid that I have worn out our welcome—and yet

I feel that I have your pardon—on this, which must be a red letter day in the history of the faithful band of followers of the Master Builder, who watches over us as we journey past life's mile-stones. This day indeed shall carry with it pleasant recollections, and our hope is that —whether within or without the Masonic fold—we may, with charity to all men, remember as we open the Good Book, which lies unfolded on your and on our altars, the words of him who said :—"He that shutteth his ear to the cry of the poor and needy shall cry himself and not be heard."

THE LODGE QUATUOR CORONATI.

A PLEASANT EVENING WITH ENGLISH CRAFTSMEN—A FEW WORDS FOR CANADA.

R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, Deputy Grand Master, while in London visited the Lodge Quatuor Coronati, which met at Freemason's Hall, London, on Oct. 4, 1889. This is the literary lodge of Great Britain and its purpose is to encourage research in Craft lore and the study of Masonic subjects. It has a large membership, embracing many of the leading Masons in the kingdom.

Bro. William Simpson, the well-known artist of the *Illustrated London News,* whose faithful pictures of the Crimean war are so well remembered, occupied the chair. Robert Freke Gould, the Masonic Historian; Col. S. C. Pratt, of Aldershot, S.W. of the lodge, and many other

prominent students in Masonry were present, among whom were noticed: W. M. Bywater, P. G. Swd. Br., J. W.; G. W. Speth, Sec.; Prof. T. Hayter Lewis, S.D.; W. H. Rylands, P.G. Sd.; W. M. Williams, J. Finlay Finlayson, C. Purdon Clarke and C. Kuferschmidt. Also the following members of the Correspondence Circle, viz.: Bro. J. Ross Robertson, Dep. G.M. Grand Lodge of Canada; R. A. Gowan, F. W. Driver, Rob. Roy, E. T. Edwards, G. A. Nock and J. B. Mackey, and the following visitors: Bros. G. Gregson and Dr. B. W. Richardson.

The *London Freemason* of Oct. 12th, after a few introductory remarks, reports Bro. Robertson's address as follows:

"R. W. SIR AND BRETHREN,—Words fail to express the gratification I feel in being present with my brethren of Quatuor Coronati Lodge this evening, a pleasure enhanced by the fact that I have the honor of being a member of the Correspondence Circle. The kindly words spoken by yourself and Bro. Gould inspire me with the feeling that I am at home, and assure me that, although remote from my own jurisdiction, I am with those who, in thought and speech, are united to me by the bond that cements the fellowship of Canadian Craftsmen with that of those who first received light at an altar of the mother Grand Lodge of the world—the United Grand Lodge of England. Gladly, indeed, did I postpone a visit to the French capital, with its Eiffel tower and array of attractions, to be present with my brethren of this lodge who are doing so much for Craft lore, giving, as they are, re-

newed life to those who, like myself, are delving into the by-gone days of the Craft, to find facts that will give the modern Mason a knowledge of the work of the veterans of old, who, in the early times, carried the banner of the Craft, and have planted it on the pedestal of victory—in the centre of a jurisdiction that we are proud to hail as Mother, where the pure principles of our Order are exemplified in the truest sense—an example to be emulated by the Masonic world at large. We, as Canadians, are proud of our ancestors in the dear old land, and although we inscribe on the banners which hang on our outer walls 'Canada for Canadians,' yet for our kinsmen and Craftsmen on this side of the Atlantic—be they English, Irish or Scotch—we have the feeling that we hail from one common stock, the subjects of an empire that is climbing up to perfection in art, science and literature, having within its realms a myriad of Craftsmen loyal to the old flag and faithful to the obligations of the Order we all love so well.

"My visit here this evening is indeed to me one that will be long remembered. You, W. Sir and Bro. Gould, have said many pleasant words for the Grand Lodge of Canada and for myself as Deputy Grand Master, and from my heart I thank you. Indeed, I feel that I would fail in my duty did I not convey the fraternal message that you send to our Grand Master. He is not personally known to many of you, but I can assure you that M.W. Bro. R. T. Walkem is a brother whom we delight to honour, the unanimous choice of a thousand Craftsmen in Grand

Lodge assembled, an exemplar in his daily life and Masonic work of all that should endear him to his brethren. Our Grand Master is one whose endeavour is to discharge his duties on the lines laid down in the ancient charges, and within a few months many of you will have the pleasure of meeting him, as he purposes visiting Britain during the coming winter. For the Canadian Craft let me say, that although we are young in years and cannot look very far into the vista of the past, yet we have a history—and one full of interest, and some day soon the types may tell our story as yours has been told—and so well told—by my friend Bro. Gould. We hope in 1892 to celebrate our centennial.

"In our work our desire is to emulate all that is good—all that endears Masons one to another, and stand, as we hope to do, at the front of all fraternal organizations in this world. With 360 lodges and 20,000 Craftsmen in the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario, with 5,000 Royal Arch Masons and 80 chapters, with a score of preceptories and nearly 2,000 Templars, we are surely, as our American cousins would say, keeping up with the procession, endeavouring to avoid as much as possible the mistake of making too many members and not enough Masons. Our membership is active, and by visits of grand officers to all parts of the jurisdiction we hope to inspire with new zeal the active Craftsmen, and quicken those who lag by the way and need but a helping hand and a kindly word to lead them to success. Our friend, Bro. Gould, made an allusion to-night to the work

of relief pertinent to an application made by a brother in distress, and Bro. Junior Warden has used a term familiar to all engaged in the work of relief, when he speaks of not encouraging 'the Masonic tramp.' We in Canada and in the States have a peremptory method of dealing with the tramp through the medium of the General Board of Relief of the United States and Canada. This Association is composed of representatives from the Grand Lodges and local boards of relief that affiliate in this association on payment of one half penny per head for the entire membership.

"Thus, the Grand Lodge of Canada, with 20,000 members, pays $200 per year. When brethren who are unworthy apply, we take their names, ages and description. This is sent by the secretary of the local board to the general secretary at Baltimore, U. S. This officer then sends out monthly to all subscribing members a printed circular with a list and accurate description of all the tramps for the month. In three years we have caught about 800, and in that time we estimate we have saved the Craft, by our warnings, the sum of $20,000. We have so few tramps calling now at Toronto that we hope in a year to take the photograph of 'the last Masonic tramp' to keep as a souvenir of 'the Masonic tourist,' as we call him. But I am wearing out my welcome, still you are so patient and appreciative that in closing, I know that it will please English Masons to hear that in 25 years we have expended nearly $200,000 in the relief of the widows and orphans of those of our brethren who have passed away.

"Many brethren are sometimes inclined to minimize the influence of the Craft. The work of Masonry is, however, not seen to its best advantage in the days of peace and prosperity, but the darker the night of human sorrow the brighter shines the light of the Craft. We are earnest in our work, and if we cannot pour the oceans of gold into the lap of Charity, as the generous Craftsmen of England do, we give as we are able, and in our gifts we try to remember that each is an individual link in the golden chain of Masonic endeavor, and that the sum of good accomplished by the Craft, is increased or decreased by our faithfulness or unfaithfulness to the obligations we assume, when we come out of the winter of the world into the summer of Masonic brotherhood."

CRYPTIC MASONRY IN CANADA.

THE OUTLOOK OF THE RITE IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Some two years ago the writer published a history of the Cryptic Rite, which was most favourably received by the Craft both on this continent and in Europe. The following is the closing chapter of the work, which embraces opinions formed as to the outlook of that Rite in this country:

"The Cryptic organization, as with other allied rites, has had its struggle for existence. The outlook in Canada in its early years betokened a certain amount of pros-

perity, and as the Rite climbed into manhood, many had fond hopes that the efforts of its sponsors would be crowned with a long and happy old age. Yet it looks as if this view were disappointing. The writer does not volunteer an opinion as to the prosperity of the Rite in any but the Canadian jurisdiction, and yet he fancies that in other lands the Cryptic banner has been held to the fore only by combined effort of sincere companions, who, marshalled in solid phalanx, have nerved themselves to keep the organization in a healthy state. In Canada in the early years its prosperity was phenomenal. As to its future there is a deep-rooted doubt. In this and other jurisdictions not only the Cryptic, but other complimentary or honorary degrees have had to contend with the competition of benefit societies, and the fact that Crypticism has not been in the van of success since benefit societies gained a temporary foothold, is evidence that these organizations have militated against the Cryptic Rite. We ask ourselves what is the future of the Rite ? What is the experience in Canada and in the United States ? and we get an answer in one way and another, strengthening the belief that the Rite is not gaining that meed of success to which its history and the beauty of its ceremonial give it a title. Crypticism will always have a struggle for existence. The primal degrees magnetise and draw men to the Craft fold. The Royal Arch degrees, closely allied as they are to those of the Craft, have also an attraction for the young initiates. Templarism gathers in a goodly number. The Scottish Rite

has a limited constituency, but the Cryptic Rite seems to languish, and in very many jurisdictions is only held together by the natural fraternity of men who cling to the old love, and have enough ambition left to invite others to take part in the work of the secret vault. Companions are thus stimulated to make the completed edifice worthy of those who a century ago sowed the seeds of a Rite that has in it the germ of all that is essential to the completion of the Royal Arch, with a beauty of ceremonial that awakens an interest in the minds of the initiates leading to higher thoughts, and elevating all Masonry in the estimation of the select and happy few whose names grace the Cryptic roll. The charge that we have too much Masonry is not an unreasonable one. The Masonic field is replete with degrees. Craft Masonry monopolizes the love, interest, and ambition of thousands of men who go no further. Their fervor for the Order cools at the third degree, and hence the justice of the statement that we are making too many members and not enough Masons. As we glance along the roll of the higher degrees we find that the constituency becomes limited and the interest wanes. Those who do cling to the rock have too much pride to let go, and their enthusiasm kindles a flame in the hearts of those who seek after more light. Whether history will repeat itself and the Cryptic and the other allied degrees be enabled to stand against the interest created by the benefit societies of the present day, is a story for the future. So far in Canada the prospects are not of the brightest, and yet there may be a silver lining

to this cloud of doubt; the day-dream of our lives may be realized, and a fresh interest, a new-born enthusiasm, an inspiration for another existence, may be waiting for those who hold fast to the faith, and feel that in the degrees of Royal and Select Masters, there is enduring strength that can withstand the giant wave of success which seems to attend those modern organizations, planted as they are like pines in Southern forests, all over this great continent."

THE PAST OF CANADIAN TEMPLARISM.

THE AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SYSTEMS COMPARED—WHO CAN JUSTLY CLAIM THE TEMPLAR TITLE?—THE ORDER AND ITS FUTURE.

The following is the concluding chapter from Robertson's History of the Order of the Temple, published, January, 1890. The article reviews the past of Canadian Templarism, and compares the American and Canadian systems, with an opinion as to the outlook of the Order in Canada:—

One ventures on debatable ground and accepts a situation that has the merit, at least, of being aggressive, when he undertakes the task of peering into the Canadian Templar past, and out of the work of an organization, that cannot claim to have been an unqualified success, predicts a future. Could we, with even the scant knowledge of the student in palmistry, examine the

Templar hand and to a limited extent trace the life lines as they cross and recross in greater or less degree, it might give us a fair claim to a gift of prophecy. And yet we are but poor humanity. We air our opinions with a self-satisfied promptness and feel that, guided by our own light, we are dictators of thought that is proof to all criticism, and gradually give way and grudgingly give up our vantage ground, and only smile as our critics lose themselves in the hopeless maze of argument, from which we have somewhat unwillingly extricated ourselves.

The history and origin of the Knights Templars have been dealt with in the earlier chapters of this work. The variance of opinion of different authors is slight—indeed the tracings are so distinctly marked that the novitiate cannot stray from a pathway that is brilliant with historic truth.

While the connection of Templarism with modern Masonry is admitted, the fact stands in the forefront that Craftsmen and Templars, while travelling to-day along the fraternal stream, were in early times as far apart as the poles. The revivalists whose hearts were endowed with love for the Pilgrim Shrine, saw that the tree of modern Templarism could only prosper by being matured and nourished by the waters of the Craft stream, so the growth of Templarism was diverted, and all over the world, at the present time, a knowledge of the primal degrees is the pre-requisite of Knighthood. In Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, and Australia the system is founded on Christianity, with its bulwark of the Trinity.

Proud in strength, it has gallantly resisted the attacks of the aggressor, and in its march of mercy has carried its eagles to victory, the standard-bearers crowned with the laurels of a faith the flower of which bloomed from that spring-bud which opened its petals the day the Christ-Man yielded up his life on the Cross of Calvary.

The writer has more than ordinary respect for the opinions of men of the stamp and character of the esteemed and venerable Grand Master, M. E. Frater MacLeod Moore, a respect tempered with an admiration for tenacity of opinion which forces the conclusion that it is not only well founded, but sincere. His assertion, proved by the light of history, of the essentially Christian character of the institution is of course unassailable, and the introduction of any degree not in strict harmony with this idea is foreign to the genius of Templarism. In the United States, where the Order is open to men of all religious beliefs, a great organization is held together by fraternal obligations, analogous to those uttered at Craft altars; and while the style and title of the Order imply that it is built on old-time lines, an examination of its system places it in a different sphere from that of the Templarism of both Great Britain and Canada. Its success is phenomenal, and in earnestness, energy and all the contributing forces which may be legitimately used, it counts in its ranks a host whose thoughts have been taken from the Craft brain, that is really the fountain of light which sheds lustre on every organization that has any claim to Masonic fellowship.

This is the trend of thought one is forced to follow after a close reading of the tomes of Templar lore, and it is satisfying to the minds of the men who write with a pen guided by brotherly love for the world at large.

The Order of the Red Cross, with all its beauty of legend and ritual, has no connection with the Order of the Temple. The Supreme Grand Master affirmed this years ago, and he is endorsed in his view not only by the Fratres of Great Britain and Canada, but by General Roome, the Past General Grand Master of the Knights Templars of the United States, who, in a letter written to Col. Moore on the 25th October, 1888, says:

"I agree with you that the Order of the Red Cross should never have been introduced into our (Order) system, and cannot see any connection between it and the Order of the Temple. It in no way refers to the Christian religion, and should never, therefore, have been made part of a system whose foundation is Christianity. Templars in this country, however, believe differently. Personally, I also agree with you that Templarism should be Trinitarian, but there are many Unitarians in this country who are earnest Templars, and who find no difficulty in their professions of belief in the Christian religion. It is not for me, therefore, to interpose my personal opinions, in view of the harmony now prevailing. I am fully satisfied that the Knights Templars in the United States mean to be thoroughly Christian, and that they will, under the influence of Christianity, to the uttermost of their ability, promote the happiness and

welfare of mankind and unite Christian Masons in a sacred bond."

There are many reasons which step into the realm of argument when we endeavour, as if with a divining rod, to arrive at conclusions as to the real difficulties in the way of perfect success in the Knight Templar Order in the Dominion. Our environment is peculiar. We have not the pecuniary means which is essential to a certain extent in building up all fraternal organizations. It does not of course necessarily follow that because we are not gifted with surplus wealth, as are our Fratres across the line, we are less contented or less happy, but the luck of means has in a measure a deterrent effect, and is therefore not a happy factor. Again, we have a territory that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, without the density of population that is such a material aid in carrying on fraternal work. Yet another reason may be advanced in that we of the Dominion have an attachment for home life that is not to be found in other countries outside of Great Britain. Our American neighbours live more on the wing than we on this side of the great lakes, and the craving for fraternal association is much greater than with us. Again, may not the power of the Church act as a preventive to the flourishing of Knight Templarism in this country? Templarism is a type of Christianity in its fullest sense, but to some extent secularized, and therefore it comes into competition with the Church as an inducement to make or keep men Christians. Now, the Church is too powerful to feel the effect of any such

opposition, and Templarism is too weak to compete with it. Further, there are so many societies and associations attached to the Christian Church that it leaves men who are inclined to Christianity little time to indulge in any such luxury as Knight Templarism, even were they not satisfied with the rites and ceremonies of their religion.

In countries where the Trinitarian test is not a prerequisite, Templarism loses its grand principles, and is only an association for show and sociability. Unless a man be an adherent of a church which teaches the doctrine of the Trinity he cannot be a true Knight Templar, and in this view thoughtful minds concur.

On this continent Templars are one in fraternity, but divided on a question that has disturbed the serenity of thinking minds for many years, viz.: the claim to the name they bear. It is argued from a historic standpoint that the rejection of the Trinitarian doctrine shatters, at once, any claim they may possess to call themselves Knights of the Temple. The British system, which is almost similar to that of Canada, is a perpetuation, in a modified form, of the Ancient Chivalric Order, which accepted, as a cardinal dogma, the doctrine of the Trinity. The moment we set aside that for broader views, and become latitudinarian, that moment we forfeit our right to the title we have hitherto borne. If we are to be consistent and honest, we must abandon that to which we have no claim. There can be no objection to a man holding to his opinions in a free country, but he must do so under his own standard, if his freedom is to

be purged of all suspicion of deceit. In the United States, a Christian organization, under the name of Knight Templar, has grown in wealth and numbers because, we are told, it discarded at its formation the ancient doctrine for the broad platform of modern religion. It points to its numerical strength and prosperity as a result of the system, but admits, at the same time, that that system, called by any other name, would not, perhaps, be equally attractive. The question then arises—has it a right to the superstructure while disowning the foundation? The two are necessarily inseparable. History settles that phase of the question beyond peradventure, but, for obvious reasons, the distinction is conveniently made by our go-ahead neighbours. The martyr De Molay's utterances before the Papal Commissioners, at Paris, incontrovertibly connect the Templars and their faith. "I attest that I believe in God, in the persons of the Trinity, and all the other articles of the Catholic faith. I believe there is but one God, one faith, one baptism, one church, and that in death, when the soul is separated from the body, there is but one Judge of the good and evil. This is my belief. This is the belief of the Order of the Temple."

Such are the words of the last Grand Master of the Ancient Order, and by a singular anomaly, due to what is popularly known as advanced ideas, his memory is revered and honoured by men who don his garb and badge, but reject the doctrine to which he subscribed with his life.

A perusal of old Masonic constitutions, their dates extending over a period of more than two hundred years, show that our brethren of the misty past acknowledged belief in the Holy Trinity. Anderson, in 1717, when he produced his constitution, made many radical changes and omitted the Trinitarian qualification. Brethren noted this and rebelled, but it was not until a score of years had passed that their dissatisfaction took practical shape, in the revival of the Temple Order, where they taught the doctrine which had been recognized in their lodges from time immemorial, and which was fully expressed in the opening sentences of the old constitutions, viz.: "The might of the Father in Heaven, with the wisdom of His Glorious Son, and Goodness of the Holy Spirit, three persons in one Godhead."

It is claimed that this opening of the door of Templarism to those who do not profess the ancient doctrine may gather in many attracted by the allurements of parade, pageantry, and social reunion; but it deters, at the same time, the student of history who, without doing violence to his feelings, could not ally himself with so repellent an incongruity. That this is the condition of affairs in the United States, many eminent Masonic writers have asserted. The late Theodore T. Gurney, of Chicago, in 1880, said: "We would advise our Dominion Fratres not to be in haste for a change. Our system is very attractive, but it cannot bear inspection too closely. We claim to be Knights of the Temple, but it is only a claim, neither equipments nor rituals giving us any authority to insist upon such a distinction."

The Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Virginia, in an address delivered at Richmond in November, 1870, threw a little light on one cause of the prosperity of which our neighbouring Fratres boast. He said: "At the close of the war the best of the Masonic fraternity sought knighthood, not only on account of its Christian principles and high character for noble deeds and good works in the past, but also that by union with those of similar principles, they might either rid the lodges of the many unworthy who had gained admittance during the war, or reform them. The unworthy also, *drawn by the name,* history, and uniform, favoured by the desire for numbers and the neglect of the officers, found an entrance into the Temple and assumed vows which they could not honestly take, professed principles which they could not comprehend, and entered on a professed life whose duties they had no heart to practice. The Order thus became numerically prosperous, but the seeds of death were in the breath that gave so large a life."

As an instance of the extraordinary lengths to which the liberality of our American Fratres led them, and in support of the contention that in seeking to build up the Order by numbers, we may leave it open to reproach or ridicule, the following extract from the report of Frater G. B. Edwards, chairman of New Jersey's Committee on Foreign Correspondence, in 1882, is submitted :—

"It may not be out of place here to pen a slight memorial to a worthy Mason and Knight Templar, who assisted at the conferring of the Order upon the writer,

and who was a member of the Commandery. Of the seed of Abraham, he was a Jew—a Jew by education, a Jew by religion, a Jew in life, a Jew in death. One to be greeted in the great hereafter, whether met with in the bosom of Abraham, or of the Redeemer, both of whom on earth were of his nation and religion."

Past Grand Master Hopkins of Pennsylvania, addressing the Grand Commandery, in 1881, on the Trinitarian qualification, said :—"I have always contended that our Order rested upon that foundation or upon nothing; that all our symbols, lessons and ceremonies declare our belief in the Holy Trinity."

Many quotations, of a similar import, taken from the utterances of eminent Fratres across the border, might be added, but the foregoing will be sufficient to show that there is not that concurrence of opinion respecting the Templar Order as a system in the United States that goes to make a sound success. Numerically, the Templar Order, south of the lakes, was never stronger than it is to-day. The recent Triennial display at Washington may be adduced as proof of this. But take away the glitter of the parade, the seductiveness of martial music, the gregarian attractiveness, and the pleasurable reunions, and how many would be left to fight the good fight, as "poor soldiers of the Cross," and stay within the fort to battle against infidelity and unbelief, with no reward but the consciousness of their right-doing?

Would the cause of true Templarism be advanced in Canada by exchanging that to which we have clung for

nearly thirty-five years, and which fundamentally is as pure as doctrine, teaching and history can make it, for the pomp and parade to which our American Fratres incline? If the future prosperity of the Order is to be measured by numbers, the example of our neighbours is before us. There are those in our midst who argue that successful Templarism can only be manifested in buildings of imposing proportions, where the ceremonies can be conducted with scenic and musical effects, where drill-rooms and armouries will echo to the patter of the "goose step," and the tinkling of nickel sheathed swords; where banquet halls will resound periodically with song and merriment, and where fraternity in its pleasantest and most alluring form may be enjoyed at a considerable outlay.

Having thus considered some of the points that necessarily have to be marshalled in review, in dealing with the general history of Templarism, let us close with a more particular allusion to the work in our own land, which has to exist and quicken under native inspiration.

The Templar Order in Canada has had its trials, troubles and tribulations. Craft Masonry itself, in the earlier times, was enveloped in difficulties that were well nigh fatal. In the latter, the keynote of freedom sounded when the Canadians, after years of entreaty and appeal, vainly sought the kindly eye and friendly hand-shake of their mother across the sea, a neglect that marks the calendar of Canadian Craft Masonry, and is yet fresh in the minds of the veterans of the Craft, who, struggling for

a kind word from mother lips, appealed for recognition without avail, and, driven out of the old home, had to fight the battle of independence and sever a connection, the continuance of which would have lowered forever the vitality of Canadian Masons. And surely the change has been a pleasant one, and peace, prosperity, and friendship exist between ourselves and the mother from whom we claim descent.

The Order of the Temple in Canada had its struggle, when, passing through a state of dependence under the control of British Templarism, it rejoiced in a new birth, and became an independent organization, blessed with powers of self-government, emancipated from foreign control and influence, and governed with a view to the best interests of Canadian Fratres. In dealing with the future of the Order—indeed, with its present status—our endeavour is to convey an unbiassed opinion that may be the means of refreshing the Templar mind, and thus doing good. There are two courses open in the future to the Canadian membership. One is to adopt the system which prevails in the United States, where, in a semi-militant manner, ceremonies in drill and military tactics are the mainsprings that move the hundred thousand sword bearers, who, under the pseudonym of Templars, convene and vie in street parades and exhibition drills, which culminate, at certain periods, in triennial display. If we take the American Fratres as an example, we must fall into line with our High Church brethren, who place ceremonial before the Christian teaching of the Order,

and show and parade before the practice of our teachings. We would thus worship the shell and reject the meat of the Chivalric Order, and our ritual would become an unmeaning form, subservient to the pomp of ceremony and parade. The other course is to pursue the even tenor of our way, abandoning the extravagance of ostentatious parade, and adhering to the traditions and practices of the Ancient Order within our Preceptories, drawing good men to our shrine, not by the inducement of outward show, but by a beauty of ritual and exemplification of teaching, which may soften the heart and make us feel that we have an end to serve, not only helpful to a great brotherhood, but to mankind at large. There are, however, other points to consider, in connection with the position and future of the Order in the Dominion.

Some favour the centralization of Preceptories in the larger cities and towns, while others argue that Preceptories, with even small membership, located in the smaller towns and villages, would be more advantageous to the Order.

Those who advocate the first proposition claim that the history of the Preceptories in the Dominion reveals the fact that in the smaller towns and villages Knight Templarism might be more successful, and that outside the large cities the Preceptories have not a vigorous membership. Further, the position is strengthened by the consideration that the expense necessary to be incurred in providing Preceptories with the paraphernalia and appointments for the work, could not be met by many

Preceptories outside of the larger cities and towns. Another ground is taken by those who oppose centralization. They assert that it is unfair to compel brethren desiring admission to the Order to journey to the large cities, pay their fees, and thus assist in fitting up elaborate halls with handsome furnishings, while, at the same time, compelled to supply themselves, at a large expense, with a semi-military attire; and that it is doubtful whether they reap any practical advantage from such a state of things, or learn anything of the teachings of Templarism. One prominent Frater, who advocates this latter view, maintains that all the satisfaction the Fratres from a distance get is that as "poor soldiers of the Cross," they can "hew wood and draw water, as serving brethren for their imperious city Fratres." This is, however, a pessimistic phase of thought, and is limited and not general in area. Those who are against centralization argue that it would be better to follow the plan of the churches and have Preceptories in small towns and villages, as well as in the cities, where the principles of Templarism could be taught and the precepts of the Order exemplified without the show and parade of those who desire a semi-military organization. It is maintained that if the Preceptories were established at small central points, much good might be done in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and at an expenditure proportionate to the purses of the membership.

These are the different positions taken and the courses open for adoption. The writer is responsible for his

opinion only, and while giving a place to the views of others, does not feel justified in advocating either of the courses suggested. That the Order should be maintained as a purely religious organization, with the Trinitarian test, must be admitted if the present ritual is to be preserved. That to open Preceptories in any place outside of the cities and large towns has been one of the fatal errors of its government is a fact that is well known. That even in the larger towns, it is a difficult matter to secure a large attendance unless on special occasions; that it would be more in the interest of the Order if the work were exemplified correctly; that the Fratres should comprehend the principles of the Order, and the nature of the obligation, rather than that candidates should be brought in irrespective of qualification, only for the purpose of enriching the coffers of an organization that is held together for the purpose of conferring titles and giving rank to Fratres who wear the insignia of the cross, without a just claim or title, must be admitted by all who will express an impartial judgment.

It must be remembered that while in the Dominion the Order has not progressed after the fashion desired by those who admire outdoor show, it has given no evidence of decay. In proportion to the Masonic membership, it has shown an unmistakable advance, and although weak spots have exhibited themselves at intervals, they are not of a nature to affect the body. If there is a future for this great and growing country there must be a future for the Order of the Temple, maintained on the

lines of the British Templar system. To sacrifice a single stone in its foundation would be to place the whole fabric in peril. It now rests on the rock bottom of historic truth, and is there to stay, provided there are none ambitious enough to seek to jack it up with a framework of heterodoxy, which might hold for a time, but, shell-like, must inevitably come down with a fatal crash.

The status and future of Templarism in the Dominion are not doubtful. The views herein expressed are gathered from careful observation of the situation and opinions ventured by Fratres who are not indifferent to its welfare. The progress of time may bring about changes which others may have to record, but if there be any question of the present stability and assured advance of the Order, it exists only in the minds of the few whose tendencies and sympathies are in the direction of display.

AN AMERICAN MASONIC PRESENTATION.

On Tuesday evening, 3rd September, 1889, R. W. Bro. Robertson was summoned from a meeting of the General Board of Relief of the United States and Canada, to visit Adelphi Lodge, No. 23, A. F. & A. M., holding a stated communication in the Masonic Temple, New York, and discharge the duty of presenting to W. Bro. David Rosenheim, the W. M., a P.M.'s apron, as a token of esteem from his brethren in the lodge. The lodge room was filled with members of the lodge and visitors, and the greeting accorded Bro. Robertson was most cordial.

After the reception of a number of visitors, R W. Bro. Robertson, in making the presentation, said:—

"It is always a pleasure to me to visit my brethren, when in lodge assembled, but this visit has an additional charm, in that it brings me to a lodge in a jurisdiction foreign to my own, and one that has in it many dear personal friends, who have, in business and in Masonic work, been associated with me for the past twenty years. I confess I am somewhat at a loss to properly express my gratitude for the privilege of being with you, and the honor you have conferred on me, in asking that a Canadian Craftsman shall perform a duty that could be so much better discharged by one of your own, for oratory and eloquence are truly gifts cultivated to a much greater extent here than on the other side of the chain of lakes that separate two great nations. Moreover, I fraternally submit that it is rather unfair to take me from my duties in the Grand Lodge Library and ask me to perform a work that requires not a little preparation and advisement. When R. W. Bro. John R. Pope and R. W. Bro. Carter invited me to this pleasant meeting I promptly refused. I do not profess to keep eloquence on tap, ready to turn off and on at the will of every brother who comes along, even if he be the President of the Board of Relief, or the Grand Librarian, and yet, when these two distinguished brethren, with a look of contempt and scorn, expressed words of pity for a Canadian who is not always ready, I felt my honor impugned, and, without a word, made my way to this lodge room. You know,

brethren, that there is truth in the saying that there are only two classes of men in the community who can afford to address an audience unprepared. Those are fools and men who are inspired. You know what to expect from a fool, and certainly you are aware what a brain full of inspiration can give you.

"I feel justified in taking this preliminary canter, for I see around me so many excellent talkers that my conscience tells me I must, to save myself from undue criticism, point out that the position I occupy to-night is new, novel, and unexpected, but pleasant in the extreme. The few minutes' conversation I have had with Bro. Carter leads me to believe that your W.M. is a brother faithful to his trust, whose heart is in the work, and whose aim and ambition are to serve his brethren, who have so appreciated his labors that they cannot see him relegated to a Past Master's position without some mark of their esteem. For my part, I belong to a profession that never receives testimonials, except in the way of libel suits, and, were it not for the generous-hearted jurymen, before whom I had lately the honor of appearing, I doubt whether I would have enough left to even put in a decent appearance in your East to-night. I ask, however, no greater honor than your invitation, the more especially when it affords me an opportunity of saying a word for a Past Master like W. Bro. Rosenheim, who has been as active in his position of Past Master, as he was when first he held a gavel in a Craft lodge. I hold that we all should appreciate the work of active W.M.'s, and, when

they pass through the chair, and continue to take, as during their term of office, a live interest in the lodge work, we should pay them all the honor that men deserve, who are Masons, not in name only, but who honor the institution by standing firm to its obligations, and following out its principles in the daily walks of life. We, on our side of the line, have not the advantages in Craft life that you have in the United States, with your magnificent temples, devoted and dedicated to the cause of Masonry. Yet we have a phalanx of 20,000 Craftsmen, who are earnest and sincere in the field of Masonic endeavor. We have, on our Grand Lodge rolls, a thousand Past Masters, and, while all do not participate in the activities of Craft life, a large percentage take a deep interest in different branches of the work. You, brethren, must remember that we are young in years, and that, although we are just about to pass the one hundredth mile-stone in our history, we have, owing to an environment that was unfavorable in earlier times, had to struggle against an adversity that would have shattered all our hopes but for the determination of the pioneers who saw victory in the far future.

"To-night, too, I am pleased to be here, for the members of this lodge are descended from a race that is closely linked to that of the motherland, from which we, in Canada, hail. In the past of Craft history the Fatherland takes not an unimportant part, and the shelves of Masonic literati are laden with the treasure trove of German Masonic literature. In our jurisdiction we have

many brethren whose heart warms to the notes of 'The Watch on the Rhine,' and we have one, at least, M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, who is a pillar in Craft work, and whose labors have been so esteemed that the Craft, with unanimous voice, has honored him with the highest rank and accorded him a front place in Craft councils. For our brethren over here we have the most fraternal feelings. We do not live under the same flag, and yet, as Masons, we are as one—bending our knee at the same altar, guiding our minds from the same great lights, and aiming, by our work here below, to reach that goal where we shall realize the truth of all that we are told in the legend of the Craft. In your W.M. we have a bright example of earnestness, and your recognition of his worth, in the regalia I now clothe him with, is the best evidence that your confidence in him is unshaken, and that his presence will have a welcome at your monthly re-unions that will cheer his heart, brighten his mind, and make him feel, as I do to night, that the Craftsmen of Adelphi Lodge are as warm-hearted and generous as any who ever assembled within the four walls of a Masons' lodge."

THE SCOTTISH RITE REUNION AT HAMILTON.

THE annual reunion of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in Hamilton, was held in that city on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th Jan'y, 1890. On Friday evening, a banquet was held, which was attended by the lead-

ing members of the Rite from Canada and the United States.

The chair was occupied by Ill. Bro. Hugh Murray, the Secretary-General of the Rite. After the toasts of the Grand Commander of the Rite, and the representatives of the Northern and Southern jurisdictions of the Rite had been proposed and replied to, the toast "The M.W., the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge of Canada" was proposed by the chair, and responded to by R.W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. He said:

Illustrious Sir:—After the galaxy of rhetoric with which we have been dazzled this evening, I think I may be pardoned for feeling somewhat diffident, standing as I do before an assembly highly representative in its Masonic character, eminently intellectual, and, by its very nature critical. I admit, and that is something for a newspaper man to do in these days of libels and libel suits, that in the vocation to which fortune has called me, diffidence is a rarity, and that it is a somewhat arduous undertaking to justify the claim.

When I look back at the long line of worthy men who have preceded me, I have some hesitation in assuming the responsibility of framing a fitting reply to the toast which you have so generously proposed, and which has been so heartily honored by the brethren. I am, in the office which I now hold, following many men of eminence and renown, many of the bright stars of the Masonic firmament, men who have illumed the pages of pe-

riodical literature, and enriched the press with its cleverest contributions; men who have shone in the forum, and men who have filled with honor the highest judicial and political offices in the gift of the nation, and yet—while I admit my own inferiority in these respects—I feel that I need yield to none in my love for and fealty to that institution, which is in truth the benefactor of the world—born in the very cradle of the race.

No brother who was ever elected to office in Grand Lodge had more reason for gratification than I had, when on two occasions I was placed by the unanimous vote of my brethren in the second position in the governing body of the Craft. These tokens of regard have encouraged me and strengthened my zeal for Craft work: and I trust I err not in hoping that in the work I have performed during the past two years I have earned the love and regard of my brethren of the jurisdiction. Simple, however, as these duties are, they place me sometimes in positions of perplexity, and to-night I am face to face with one of these.

Surely it is my duty to respond to the health of the eminent brother, our Grand Master, and the body over which he so ably presides, and I only wish I could do so in a manner worthy of my theme. Indeed, I feel very much as I did when first I ventured on the lecture platform a year ago. I remember well how, with trembling heart, a return ticket, and change of clothing in my valise, I threw myself on the mercy of the brethren in towns and townships, and, as I headed for the first night

stand, I felt that I would be content to compromise all claims upon glory as a lecturer for the certainty of getting out with my life. My mind reverted to an enthusiastic, though importunate and unfortunate, lecturer, who on his first visit to a certain village was heartily welcomed at the station by the omnibus driver, and a few hours later was hurriedly escorted out of town by an enraged Committee of Four Hundred. However, I am pleased to be here, doubly gratified because I am in a city whose chief magistrate is from amongst our ranks, and a brother for whom we all entertain the highest respect and esteem, and one who has shown his ability to hold the civic gavel, and govern the representatives of the people in council assembled, in a manner that is unexcelled by any other man in a similar position in the Dominion.

For our Grand Master, I can truly say that he discharges the duties of his office in a manner that gives unqualified satisfaction to the Craft, and I feel sure that I do not flatter the eminent brother when I claim that his dignity and deportment are characteristic of the man, an exemplar for every brother in the jurisdiction. For all the other officers of Grand Lodge, I can only reiterate the encomiums I have passed upon them before. They are faithful to their trust, and their attachment to Craft work is bearing fruit in every part of the jurisdiction. For the work of Grand Lodge, as a fraternal and benevolent institution, congratulation is unnecessary. In no jurisdiction does a greater amount of harmony ex-

ist. In respect to harmony and good-fellowship, I need go no further than your own city, as one where the tenets and principles of Masonry are carried out in their entirety, an example for all other sections of the jurisdiction to follow.

We stand in this Scottish Rite—and I say this with the greatest amount of respect and love for Craft lodges—on the upper floor of Masonry, and, as in the physical universe, the higher we get the purer the atmosphere, the brethren of this Rite should be able to see, as one of the brethren remarked to-night, the great aims and objects of Masonry, with the clearer vision of those who climb the summits of the Alpine ranges. We are all hill climbing—life is full of hills to be surmounted. The valleys, where sorrow sits, are too many, yet it is a comfort to know that Masonry can and has let a flood of sunshine into many a saddened home, and cheered many a widowed heart.

While it is pleasant to contemplate past achievements, still I thank God that in Masonry the forward look is still the brightest. Pleasant is it to think of the time when the dream of Masonic excellence will be realized in every-day life, when men will be men, and it is yet more pleasant to think that the humblest of us, by faithfulness to his obligations, can hasten the dawning of that better day.

When I look around me and see so many brethren who are, as Bro. Murton remarked, patriarchs in the Craft, I feel that, as a young Mason, one who has had but twenty-

five years' experience in Craft work, possibly I am intruding thoughts which would come better from older heads, and yet, my brethren—and believe me, I am earnest and sincere—should we not always remember that we are each individual links in the golden chain of Masonic endeavour, and that the sum of good accomplished by the Craft is increased or decreased by our faithfulness or unfaithfulness to the obligations we assumed when we came out of the Winter of the world into the Summer of Masonic brotherhood?

A WORD FOR TEMPLARISM.

The aims and objects of Templarism are such as in other lands have endeared it to many Craftsmen. It receives encouragement and has the good-will of all who work in the field of Masonic endeavour, and no reason can be advanced why, on Canadian soil, the Templar tree should not flourish, and shelter under its benign shade the best and brightest minds of this young nation. If, therefore, we have a mission, why should we not, with true fellowship for those who are in kindred work, build up an Order on lines that will make its foundation sure and give us a front place in the ranks of all fraternities whose effort is to do good, and add a little to the sunshine of life, gladdening those who sorrow, encouraging those who grow weary by the wayside, and shedding the genial warmth of brotherly love on all, whether within or without the fold?

SAVED BY A SIGN.

The fraternity and fellowship of Masonry are shown in the many providential escapes men have had when their lives were in peril, or they were in sore distress. When death has stared Craftsmen in the face, either on the battlefield, or in the midst of some dire disaster, the friendly hand of a Mason has been often outstretched to save those who, by word or sign, could show that they had knelt before the great lights, and been raised to the sublime degree.

A story is told of an ancestor of Bro. John M. Clement, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, which is of interest, although rescued from the oblivion of a century, by the discovery of an old paper, a few months ago.

Capt. John P. Clement, who died in 1844, was a revolutionary hero, a U.E. Loyalist, who fought in the war on the side of the British in Butler's Rangers. When the incident occurred he was in command of a company of Indians, and was fighting in the neighborhood of Chippewa, Ontario, between the years 1770 and 1776. Clement's company had advanced and taken an outpost, when the Captain observed one of the enemy wounded, whom the Indians were about to scalp. The poor prisoner, scarcely able to stand, and with his left hand helpless from the blow of a tomahawk, saw that he would have to pay the terrible penalty of Indian warfare, and struggled with a powerful Indian, whose keen knife was ready for his scalp. With a wild shout, the

American freed himself, and, seeing an officer crossing an earthwork, and coming towards him, he hastily gave the sign of a M. M., and appealed for protection, calling on the officer to save him from a cruel death. Capt. Clement took in the situation at once, and, with fleet foot—for he was young and active—rushed to the aid of his brother, and as in the uplifted hand of the savage the bright blade glistened in the morning sun, ready for its deadly mission, Clement seized the strong arm, threw the Indian on his back, ordered him off, and calling an orderly, improvised a stretcher, and sent the wounded man to a farm house, where the greatest care was taken of him. When sufficiently recovered, he was sent to his home in the State of New York, forever thankful that he had knelt at an altar and taken an obligation.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Some W. M.'s have just a bowing acquaintance with the ritual. They hardly speak as they pass by.

The W. M. who reads carefully the constitution, may be certain that he can govern his lodge aright.

In our work of relief let us remember that liberality to the unworthy is a wrong to those who are the legitimate wards of the Craft.

The work of Masonry is to some men, like the trackless sands of the desert. They march along, leaving imprints by the way, which are blurred by the first wind.

They sit in the lodge, listen to the work, and carry nothing away—not even a good impression.

The warning hand of Time should point Craftsmen to the truth that the fleeting moments for preparation are very precious. We learn new lessons every night we meet. We are always learning, and ought to be still deep in the mine of knowledge, when the dial marks the day of our departure, and we pass to the land of the everlasting sun, there to behold the Master.

The dial-plate of Time marks many changes. The Craft in Canada, from small beginnings, and over many obstacles, has risen in its might, and to-day can, with gratification, point to a roll of lodges that will compare—and not unfavourably—with some of the best worked jurisdictions. Those who had the Craft in hand, in the early days, scarcely dared to look forward with hope to the time when we should command, in the Masonic world, an influence and respect of which we have a right to be proud. Few jurisdictions can claim a greater measure of progress and, considering that those who were at the birth of ours had to suffer by the neglect and indifference of the motherland, we ought to be thankful for the meed of success that has attended the Craft in this grand jurisdiction.

The Tree of Faith shields the Craftsman, while he grows strong in the delights of Craft work. As, in the summer time, he plucks the golden fruit, his heart longs for the monthly re-unions, held under the guidance of the Eternal Master, whose revealed will is guarded by the great lights on the altar.

The principles of Masonry are as bright and pure as the gems in a royal diadem. The work of Masonry is regal in magnificence, and to exemplify it, as we move on our daily journey, should fill our hearts with a joy, unexcelled by even that of the Queen of Sheba, when she greeted the Mason King.

The Craftsman who attends his lodge meetings and exercises the sense God has given him, by attention, not only to the actual rendering of the work, but to its real meaning, must come away a better man. The life of Masonry is quickened by the earnest men, who, as the work goes on, drink great draughts of knowledge that should soften the heart, attune it to the better view of life, and enable the pilgrim to journey with joy to the goal where stands the perfect Ashlar.

The charity lecture in the primal degrees has in it a well-spring of meaning. Every line—yes, every word—is as bright to the true Mason as the sprays of silver that glisten in the rock laden with precious metal are to the eye of the prospecting wealth-seeker. Who that has ever listened to the Craft picture of charity can be weary in well-doing? Is it not enough to make us free and open-handed, so that as we pass through this busy world, our pathway may be paved with blessings.

The initiate is welcomed into the Craft fold in the morning, just as the dawn creeps up the eastern sky, and as he kneels, the circle forms, and, brought to light, he greets those bound to him by ties of brotherhood. The meridian is reached as he ascends the steps of the

middle chamber, and listens to all that is told him of the matchless pillars, through which the faithful worker passes to receive his daily wage. At eventime, as the crimson sunset floods the west, and eastward the shadows deepen, he who was but a tyro in knowledge at morn and midday, reaches the inner circle of Craft life, and finds that the lessons taught are as an unfailing spring that gives Life, Faith, and Hope to all who drink its waters. Men who can pass through the Craft and not feel a renewed responsibility would be better without the fold. Early teaching may be lost in men. The lessons of life, as taught in the world, may not have effect, but the teachings of the Craft are like corn to the sower—every grain brings forth a hundred, every word makes its mark on the heart, and should make men—think. Masonry has a power other than this which compels men to keep within the lines, and restrains those who are inclined to err, but withal should we not rather think of men, as guided and directed by the tenets of the obligation, and the teachings inculcated, rather than that they are kept on the side of right by fear of public condemnation? Purity of heart and speech is a virtue that is easily lost. It is so easy to do wrong, and, once in that path, we incline that way. So, let us buckle on our Craft-armour, and fight our passage through life with a resolve to better the common good.

WITH A SILVER TROWEL.

PLUMB, RULE, LEVEL, SQUARE.

Corner Stone of the High School at Meaford Laid with Masonic Honors.

The corner stone of the High School at Meaford was laid with Masonic honors on July 9th, 1890, by R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.

. . . . . .

In addressing the audience of two thousand people who had assembled, R. W. Bro. Robertson said :—

I can assure you—the members of the High School Board of Meaford, and you, ladies and gentlemen, who have honored this ceremony with your presence to-day—it is with pleasure that we, the Fraternity of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons, of Canada, in Grand Lodge assembled, appear here in response to your invitation.

We are here to further an object that is dear to all Canadians by aiding in the erection of an edifice, within the walls of which the boys and girls of this fair Dominion shall receive that mental training which is to fit them for the larger life, waiting for them at the end of their school days. A few years must bring them into manhood and womanhood, and they will fall into the ranks of agriculture, commerce or the professions, or, as wives and mothers, will do what they can by lives of integrity and industry to forward the cause of good. We, as Masons, are proud to be here. Our fraternity is identified with

all that tends to promote the cause of education. As Masons, we view the public school as an institution endeared to us by its attachment to the Masonic principles of equality. For, within its walls, as on the checkered floor of our lodge rooms, the inequalities of social rank and wealth are forgotten, and all meet upon a common level.

It was a generous and timely compliment to ask our co-operation in this pleasant task. We deem it a privilege, and esteem it a duty, to aid our fellow-men in this good work, the more especially as in the education of the youth of a country the fraternity of Masons is peculiarly interested.

When we look at the motherland across the sea in dear old Britain we find stately schools erected for the education of the children of Craftsmen who have passed away. The United Grand Lodge of England, the most influential and generous of any Masonic body in existence—the Mother Grand Lodge of the world, has under its care a boys' school and a girls' school, which have been the means of sending into the world hundreds of boys and girls, trained to fight the battle of life and reflecting credit on their sires—the fathers and mothers of the land we love so well.

In this country, as well, we can point to the interest our Craft has taken in education. Many of our lodges to-day are aiding in the instruction of children—orphans of our departed brethren—and in my researches in the Craft lore of our fraternity, I find that away back in the days of 1820, one of our lodges at Bath took an active part in and largely contributed to the education in that

ancient town, on the shores of the Bay of Quinte; and of a truth some of the brightest minds that ever graced the bench or bar come from that historic section of Canada. And can we not look back with pride to the progress which education has made in Canada, from the days of the old log school, when the master supplemented his endeavours to impart instruction by the aid of switches or gads cut from the beeches surrounding the building, down to this era of magnificent edifices and perfected methods of instruction?

This morning I placed in my "grip" a copy of the Government report for 1875-1889. The latter contains the record for 1888. It was enlivening reading, and, as the train (you all know the train on the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk) leisurely climbed the Oak Ridges and crawled past the blue waters of Lake Simcoe on its way to your thriving place, I mentally noted a few figures. In 1888 there were 115 High schools in Ontario, and six new schools were added last year. While in 1875 there were about 8,800 pupils, in 1888 there were 17,800, or an increase of over 100 per cent. in 13 years. It is really marvellous the impetus given to higher education in this country. When High schools were established, the sustenance was derived from a small government grant, with fees and voluntary support of the municipalities; for the trustees had no power to tax the people. Then, in 1871, authority was given to the Boards to levy taxes, and county councils were required to grant annually to each High school a sum equal to half the government grant, and a few years later, an amount equal to the government grant. This

increased aid gave them a great impetus, which was much strengthened when the system of payment by results was established in 1876, and the amount of provincial and county grants became largely dependent upon the average attendance of those pupils, who passed the departmental half-yearly examinations. This system of examination was found to place the masters and pupils under too great a strain in the race for money, and the plan of payment was modified. One might have expected a relapse in the interest, but on the contrary, it steadily increased, and the figures I have quoted are high testimony to the efficiency of this plan of education.

A friend of mine on the train to-day said that he often heard the complaint made that the High schools are for the "classes rather than for the masses," and this charge is often made by people, who, if they had to rely on their own means, would be quite unable to give their children more than the merest rudiments of an education. The High school is really the poor man's college, and furnishes to his child, even at his very door, either free or at a nominal cost, the true and effective means whereby he can raise himself to a level with the child of the wealthiest parents in the community, and prepare himself to fill and to adorn the proudest position in the land. The true work of our High schools is not to separate the high from the low, but to seek to break down all distinctions, not based on merit, dragging not the highest down but lifting the lowest up. That the work done in High schools commends itself generally to the people, is abundantly proved by the marked increase in the aid given to these schools, which increased from

$332,000 in 1875, to $637,000 in 1888, or nearly 100 per cent. in 13 years, or $35 per pupil.

To refer now for a moment to the Masonic significance of this ceremony. The symbolism of the corner stone, when laid by the hand of the Craft, is full of import and significance as regards its form, its situation and its permanence. In form it must be square on its surface and in its solid contents a cube. The square is to us a symbol of morality, and the cube of truth. We place the stone between the north, the place of darkness, and the east, the place of light, symbolizing the Masonic progress from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge. Surely, this is a happy symbol. May it not be our idle day dream, that those, who reach after learning within the walls of this school may be taught to lead lives of purity and morality, may keep the truth as a guide ever before them, and, grasping the opportunities the teachers provide, advance to knowledge from the natural imperfections of youth. Ambition can pilot them into paths of knowledge, which shall lead them upward and on in the journey of life. We use corn, wine and oil—all elements of Masonic consecration peculiarly fitting. In the olden time, in eastern lands, these products constituted the wealth of the people, the support of life, and the means of refreshment, and the Psalmist enumerates them as the greatest blessing we enjoy, for it is "wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." We, therefore, use corn as an emblem of plenty, wine as an emblem of cheerfulness, and oil as an emblem of comfort and consolation.

Before concluding, I may be permitted, as a Mason and native Canadian, to express my personal gladness at an opportunity of meeting the citizens of your prosperous town. The evidences of success on every hand and the pleasure of being a humble contributor to the erection of such a substantial token of progress as this building will prove, cheer me. Without invading the field of the politician (and I believe there is one on the platform) I may be permitted to hope that Canada has seen its worst days. For our country the forward look is the brightest, and I know that you join me in hoping that any doubts and misgivings, that even in the minds of a few may now cloud the outlook, will soon fade in the bright reality, which must dawn upon this, the youngest and happiest of nations.

At the close of Bro. Robertson's address, which was received with great applause, Dr. Sproule, M.P., made a few complimentary remarks regarding the work, and the assembly dispersed.

A RED LETTER EVENING.

TALK OF DAYS GONE BY.

The Craft of Hamilton Welcome the Deputy Grand Master—A Great Night and a Grand Gathering.

(From Toronto Freemason, July, 1890.)

HAMILTON, June 28, 1890.—Great indeed the attraction must have been to have induced three hundred Craftsmen to assemble on such a night as Friday, June 27th.

By half-past eight the lodge-room was filled, by a quarter to nine it was uncomfortably full, and at this hour the Deputy Grand Master was announced. R. W. Bro. John Malloy had opened the lodge in the first degree, and despatched R. W. Bros. Murray and Mitchell to receive and introduce the visitor.

When the formality of receiving the Deputy Grand Master was concluded, R. W. Bro. John Malloy, D.D.G.M., stepped forward and welcomed the guest of the evening.

BRO. ROBERTSON'S REPLY.

Upon ascending the dais the Deputy Grand Master was received with grand honors, and at the lose of this tribute, R. W. Bro. Robertson said in reply :—

Words fail in my endeavour to express the satisfaction and pleasure I feel in being present with my brethren of Hamilton to-night. In accepting the kind invitation of your committee to appear in Hamilton, I did so not only from a sense of duty, but from a feeling that I had many warm personal friends in this city whose generous support, and endorsation of my work during the twenty-five years of my connection with the Craft, and whose gladsome welcome of me when I have had the honor of visiting Hamilton, have left a lasting impression on my heart. And yet in acceding to the request of the committee I did so with great reluctance—not that I doubted the sincerity of your welcome, but, knowing that Hamilton, being a Masonic centre, possessed many brethren well versed in Craft lore and literature and skilled in rhetoric, I naturally dreaded its verdict Make no mistake, brethren, I come here neither as an

orator nor as an instructor to you in anything appertaining to the ethics of Masonry, for amid the Gamaliels of the Craft here I indeed would be a very novice. More probable it is, indeed, that among the veterans whom I see about me, I would more likely be in the way of receiving instruction than imparting, for surely this place is a most fruitful field, where I can gather information more readily than you can gather knowledge from the barren acres of my remarks. As I previously remarked, your verdict was what I dreaded, for you may either seal my humble effort with your approbation or stamp it with the mark of your disapproval. If kindness could silence me, I would not have one word to say to my brethren in Hamilton, for their hospitality to me on each and every occasion has been unbounded. Just at this juncture allow me to say that with regard to a certain newspaper the—well, a newspaper anyway, the name of which it is unnecessary to recall—I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not responsible for its utterances. (Laughter and Applause.) I am a lecturer by profession, and my relationship to a journal that has sometimes the decidedly bad taste to say naughty things about Hamilton, is confined I assure you to raising the salaries of its employees ; drawing the profits and paying them over to the lawyers who are called in to defend libel suits (Laughter and Applause.)

No brother has more reason for gratitude and gratification than I have in being selected twice, by the almost unanimous voice of the Craft, to fill the office of Deputy Grand Master. This pleasure is brightened by the fact that during my Masonic career I have been

honored above my deserts, by my brethren. They have called me to many positions of importance, and I trust usefulness, and when they crowned their kindness at Owen Sound, when for the second time they selected me to fill the office of Deputy Grand Master, it came to me as a recognition, not so much for what I had done as for what I had endeavored to do, for the good of our great fraternity. (Applause.)

The honor conferred upon me has however brought with it sometimes trials, tribulations, and in some instances doubt. Of course to-night I am here to say something about Craft work during the past hundred years; I am here for the express purpose of giving you a lecture in Craft history, but sometimes in my own district and in other districts I am called upon to pay to a lodge an official visit as Deputy Grand Master. A certain amount of haziness has always clouded my mind as to what an official visit of the Deputy Grand Master should be, and this doubt places me in peculiar straits. On the other hand, were this an office similar to the one of which I was the active holder three years ago, no such doubt would beset me. There was no haziness as to the duties of the Deputy Grand Master of the Eleventh Masonic District. (Laughter.) The chief end and aim of his official existence was to find fault, and in that pursuit I am told by my friends I was eminently at home. (Renewed laughter.) Of course, in Hamilton, where, as I tell my brethren in every district, the lodges are models of unity, harmony and good work, I could have no reason to find fault with the excellence of the Masonic work, but in my old district where my

career is yet a living memory, I fear, were I to stray up some of the concessions, there would be a severe struggle between the courtesy of the brethren and a desire for vengeance. (Laughter.) Really the duties I have to perform in connection with my office have not been of a very onerous character. I have been called upon by official sanction and signature to give effect to the votes of Grand Lodge in assuring substantial aid to the widows and orphans of our brethren who have passed away. These cheques are not pledges of an empty sympathy, but render cheerful aid to the helpless ones whom it is our pride to think have a claim on us. When I receive these cheques or orders twice a year and see the names of widows and orphans of my dead and gone brethren, and as I sign my name it strikes me that our Masonic dead are not so far separated from us, and though they have passed to that unseen temple, to the calm of a great mercy, have they not left in their widows and little ones a sacred charge for the Craft to shield? I have travelled over 15,000 miles of this grand jurisdiction and this makes the 101st visit I have paid in two years. I have had the hearty hand-shake of brethren all over the jurisdiction, and can substantiate a complete contradiction to those who are liable or inclined to minimize the good effects and influences of Masonry. To my mind Masonry is not seen in its beauty in the days of peace and quietness, but the darker the night of human sorrow the brighter shines the light of our Craft. (Applause.)

Now my brethren I propose to recite to you the history and work of the Craft in Canada from the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the formation of

our Grand Lodge, and at the conclusion the brethren will, I hope, have a very fair idea of the course of the Craft in Canada from its earliest days prior to the foundation of their old Barton lodge, on to the days of 1855 and the organization of the Grand Lodge to which we are all now so proud to belong. (Applause.)

The lecture, which lasted about an hour, was complete in detail, embracing many interesting incidents and reminiscences, which a Mason must hear to appreciate. After prefacing his remarks by a retrospect of the early history of speculative Masonry in England to its inauguration in Canada, the Grand Master led his hearers on to more modern times, and discoursed upon the various stages in the march of Masonry to its now prosperous condition. The speaker was given close and critical attention throughout.

In closing the lecture the speaker said:—Now, brethren, this concludes my paper. I have endeavoured to describe the activities of Craft life in Canada during the past century. You have seen what it was; you know what it is. With idle contemplation of the past I will not occupy your time, still I think you will all agree with me that this history of our Craft has not been an inglorious one. While it may be true that our brethren of long ago may not have heeded the guide posts that marked the way—and have made their mistakes—yet they were earnest and sincere. In their own untutored manner they strove to do the right as God gave them to see the right. Their toils and their triumphs, their successes and reverses, come to us as a lesson eloquent with instruction. Forewarned by their mistakes, why should

we not undertake to make the present an example for future Masonic generations; adopt the truths of their history, imitate their energy, so that our followers, who shall circle around our altars, and guided by the three great lights, may have imprinted indelibly on their hearts the truth of the good old story told in the legend of the Craft? (Applause.)

TRIBUTES THAT WERE TENDERED.

When the applause of the audience died away, M. W. Bro. Hugh Murray, P. G. M., rose and said:—"In order to express our thanks to Bro. Robertson, unusual as the action may be, I propose a resolution. While doing so I must speak my satisfaction on account of the movement of the committee that was appointed for last December to arrange for the celebration of St. John's Day. It was then decided that our chief attraction was to be this lecture by Bro. Robertson. He had many lectures engaged then, and had many thousands of miles to travel, but even at the last minute we have been able to secure the best Masonic history to which any of you have ever listened, or in fact read. (Hear, hear.) In moving this resolution of thanks, I must couple the tribute with an apology. A vote of thanks to a visiting Grand Lodge officer is of rare occurrence—in fact, almost without precedent—for the passing of a complimentary motion implies the power to pass a vote of censure. I am satisfied, however, that everyone will approve of the motion, and that each brother will as heartily express his thanks as I do." (Applause.)

R. W. Bro. Hon. J. M. Gibson seconded Bro. Murray's motion.

The vote thus moved and seconded was carried by an unanimous standing vote and the honor was supplemented by an ovation.

In reply to this offering Bro. Robertson said: "Votes of this nature are so often the rewards of unsatisfactory, as well as satisfactory, effort that it is with reluctance I place myself in the position of a recipient this evening. If, however, the sincerity of your thanks is at all equal to the sincerity of my pleasure in being with you, I cannot regard the vote as the hollow offering of formality. If you are as pleased at my being with you as I am, then we are both a pretty well satisfied community." (Applause.)

THE BANQUET.

It was shortly after eleven o'clock when the lodge was closed and the brethren called from labour to refreshment. The banqueting hall being much more spacious and possessing superior ventilation to the lodge, the atmosphere was more agreeable. The hall was attractively decorated for the occasion, the ceiling and walls were festooned with brilliant bunting, flags and Craft emblems, while the tables as usual, groaned and sagged a little under the weight of the luscious repast spread for the brethren. Provision had been made for 250 guests, but the attendance was much greater than the usual prudent committee anticipated, consequently a score or more brethren were compelled to enjoy their repast standing, but fortunately there was no lack of refreshments. The usual liberality which characterizes all Hamiltonian banquets did not fail in this instance. There was ample for all and to

spare. It was twelve o'clock when R. W. Bro. Malloy called the assembly to order, and proposed the "Queen and the Craft." The patriotic toast was honored with cheers and then "God Save the Queen" was sung. Bro. Hannaford sang the "Red, White and Blue," and Bro. Bethune recited "Down by the Rio Grande." (Bret Harte.)

"The Grand Lodge of Canada," the toast of the evening, coupled with the names of R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, and R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, was then proposed.

In response Bro. Robertson said:—"Worshipful Sir and Brethren.—What can I say in reply to such a tribute even if I were gifted with the highest range of eloquence? Such powers would fail to satisfactorily express my thanks, my gratefulness to the brethren of Hamilton, for the enthusiastic and warm-hearted welcome that they have given me this evening. To tell the truth I feel a good deal like the boy in the American humorist's story of the Prodigal Son. The father saw that notwithstanding the preparations for the banquet the son looked glum and disappointed, and when questioned as to what was the matter, the boy replied, 'Well father, the provisions are all right but I have to make an after-dinner speech to-night.' (Laughter.) Possibly you are aware, brethren, that the best after dinner speeches are always delivered going down the stairs after the banquet is over, or, as James Russell Lowell says, to the coachman on the way home. (Renewed laughter.) I am deeply grateful and I feel highly the honor of your token of loyalty to the Grand Lodge, as I am sure the Grand Master would if he were here. I know I can say without the slightest fear

of contradiction that no better men ever held office in any jurisdiction in this or any other continent than those who are connected with the governing body in our own jurisdiction. (Applause.) Some of the most active officers are in your own city, (Hear, hear,) and the seventeen District Deputy Grand Masters who are doing effective work will show to Grand Lodge that the jurisdiction has been pretty well covered. You have a corps of officers who are men who desire alike to attain excellence and see the good work progress, because they are earnest and sincere and love the work—the great ends to be accomplished—and not as we find in some jurisdictions, for revenue only. If I could accept your enthusiasm as a personal tribute to myself, rather than the position, I would indeed be overpowered by the attentions of my Hamilton brethren, but as it is, the close attention and evident interest with which you followed my remarks greatly strengthened Hamilton's claim upon the gratitude of your guest. If I had the assurance that I have given you a tithe of the happiness you have given me I have need to be a happy man. In the lodge room I told you the truth, but like many a good witness did not tell you the whole truth. Wounded honor, brethren, was the actual root of my unwillingness to visit Hamilton. I have wandered all over Canada obtaining Masonic manuscripts to aid me in my historical work, and naturally came to this city for some. I borrowed some from Bro. Mason, our Grand Secretary, and just because I did not return them on time—I only kept them a couple of years—he said that while he had no doubt I might be honest in every other respect, yet when I came within

sight of a Masonic manuscript it meant in my mind a repeal of the eighth commandment. (Laughter.) Well, my character may sag a little at the point mentioned by Bro. Mason, but it is the best one I have. Taking this reproof as a text, I told my brethren on Tuesday night in Barrie, that their thriving metropolis could add to its natural attractions—and it has many—the artificial glory of being the starting point in my career of crime. There three years ago I started out to talk Craft history to my brethren. I felt that it was an experiment which should be tried away from home. You know that on the slow-flying Northern railway train that leaves Toronto there is plenty of time for reflection ; time to become acquainted with every farmer on the line; in fact I think by the time the train stopped I secured the right to have a vote in every constituency. (Laughter.) Well, as I was saying, I started out on a series of lectures, which has stretched out into a hundred. This is the hundred and first, and they are still going on ; and speaking to-night with the confidence born of prolonged immunity from the vengeance of outraged audiences, I can well remember the diffidence with which I crawled out of Toronto and into Barrie. With a heavy heart, a return ticket, and a change of clothing in my valise I threw myself upon the mercies of the brethren in the towns and townships, and as I headed for the first one-night stand I felt that I would be content to compromise all claims upon glory as a lecturer for a certainty of getting back with my life. (Laughter.) Speaking seriously, I cannot say too much for the kindly manner in which I have been received by my brethren at all points. I have travelled over 15,000

miles of this jurisdiction, and have enjoyed the hearty hand-shake, as I said, of one quarter of the membership of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Everywhere I have been I have met with a truly Masonic welcome. The attendance at all meetings has been uniformly large and the attention close and intelligent. The interest manifested in the history of our glorious fraternity, and the attendance of the brethren, lead me to believe that I have, in a humble manner, been the means of encouraging the active and quickening the lukewarm brethren who were strangers to their lodges. This inward consciousness amply repays me any sacrifice of time or comfort involved in giving my brethren of the Craft information, instruction, and perhaps entertainment. It would be perhaps unfair to myself, and certainly unfair to you, to weary you with many more remarks this evening. My endeavor is to do my work for the Craft faithfully and well, and whether in the Craft, the Capitular, or in any other bodies, my aim is to advance the interests of the twenty thousand Craftsmen of this broad Dominion. My ambition is to serve the brethren, and if I can accomplish one-tenth of all which it is my sincere desire to achieve, we may feel satisfied. I am willing to serve in any position or capacity that may be assigned to me, either in the front rank or in the rear guard. I hope to live to see an ever-growing army of Masons continuing the grand fraternal march of mercy, and doing something to hasten the time when all men shall summer in the sunshine of perpetual brotherhood. (Applause.)

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

The old records are full of Craft lore, and when the history of these pioneer lodges is gathered and compiled, the Craftsmen of to-day will feel that in their Masonic sires they had worthy men who lived close to the lines of their obligations, and were worthy to wear the emblem of purity.

The facts gleaned and given me in this story are from the lips of W. Bro. Thos. Clarke, of Waterford, a man who for over half a century has been a member of the Craft, and who many a time has heard the tale repeated by Bro. Morris Sovereign, while that brother was in the prime of manhood. Bro. Clarke resides on Lot 8, Con. 8, Township of Townsend. Other inhabitants confirm the truth of the story, and to the Craftsmen of this day it will be an instance of the power of fraternal love in the olden time.

A small mounted force of Americans, under Capt. Duncan McCarthy, had marched from Detroit to Niagara, burning the flour mills, which in those early days had been built on the rivers and creeks of the country where water power could be obtained. Morris Sovereign's mill stood on the north side of the creek or river, which ran then, as it does now, through Waterford, and on the site of the new mill. The old man knowing that the Americans were on the march, felt that his only earthly possession was in imminent peril, for word had come that the invaders were destroying all the flour mills situated in Western Canada. It was late in the afternoon of a warm spring day, when the bugle notes of the American

advance guard were heard at the mill. The miller and his men had for hours been carrying to places of safety sacks of flour. The old mill, with its two run of stone, was complete in every respect, and some hundreds of pounds currency had been spent in its erection. It was the mill of the countryside, for even in those days the farmers brought in their grain, and either had it ground into flour or received the market price from the old miller, whose favorite spot and seat were just within the large doorway that looked down the broad country road which swept past the west side of the mill. Fond of his old Dutch bowl pipe with its long china stem, the old miller sat chatting with some neighbors who had been west thirty miles to find out what the Americans were doing. They brought word from loyal Indian sources that fire and desolation had marked the march of the enemy on their way to Niagara River. The story of the scouts was hardly finished when a sweat-covered steed, ridden by a messenger of a friend of Sovereign, from near what is now known as Tilsonburg, arrived, and his rider gave the warning that the Americans were coming east. The little settlement was startled, and yet not surprised at the news. The men, too few to make defence, scattered to their farms, trusting to the fortunes of war their fields of wheat, nursed by the rays of an April sun that was fast changing the bleak landscape into smiling acres of green and growing grain. The old man, quick of ear, heard a bugle call and the clatter of horses' hoofs, and with a shout of warning to his men, he glanced up the road, and saw the advance of the blue-coated invaders, mounted on steeds,

many of which a few hours before were the property of loyal Canadians. McCarthy was on a black horse and well mounted. As the troops reached the creek they halted and half a dozen, dismounting, dashed into the mill, fired it and crossed the creek, expecting to see Bro. Sovereign's property ascend to heaven in smoke. The miller's men were on the watch at the back of the building, and when they saw the Americans ford the water, thought they had gone for good, and with a few pails of water and a couple of leathern buckets, which had been left behind by a military company on its way to Detroit, extinguished the flames. The Americans in the meantime had halted on the other side of the creek, and seeing that the mill did not burn, a young officer, with six men, was sent back with instructions to again fire the building, and threatened that if another attempt were made to save it, those concerned would hang to the nearest tree. In a few minutes the flames were licking the timbers on the north side of the building, but by the time the invaders had got back to their position the fire was again extinguished. This was too much for McCarthy, and in a few minutes Sovereign saw his three faithful men dragged across the stream on their way to death. A rope had been procured and thrown over the branch of a massive tree that stood on the hill at Waterford, on a spot that is now the site of the present Baptist Church. The old man followed and begged for their lives and for his property, without avail. Ordered by the horsemen to go back, he saw the rope around the neck of a faithful neighbor, and with a last resolve he dashed in front of McCarthy and, quickly giving him a sign of distress, called out:

"Spare their lives, and burn all I have." McCarthy recognized in an instant the miller's action, and to the great delight of the captives, all of whom were Craftsmen, and to the astonishment of the troops, shouted to his men: "Let him down, boys, and don't burn the old man's mill." The invaders went their way, and for years afterward old Masons who lived at Waterford used to tell the story of an event that occurred in the lifetime of some of them, and of the day of rejoicing in the old settlement, when a Mason's sign saved, possibly, much valuable property and the old mill at Waterford.

WITH THE SCOTTISH RITE.

The reunion of the members of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Valley of Hamilton for the year 1890, closed on Friday the 24th January. After the standard toasts had been honored Illustrious Brother Hugh Murray, a model chairman in all regards, announced the toast, as the Toronto *Freemason* of January, 1890, reports, "to the three first degrees of Blue Masonry." The toast was the Grand Lodge of Canada, coupled with the names of Ill. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, D. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and Ill. Bros. Mitchell and Mason, the Grand Treasurer and Secretary, respectively. The assembly sang "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow," and greeted the Deputy Grand Master as he arose with "He's a Daisy."

In his reply Ill. Bro. Robertson said:—Illustrious Sir and Brethren—After the galaxy of rhetoric with which

we have been favoured this evening, I think I may be pardoned for feeling somewhat diffident, standing as I do before an assembly so highly representative in its Masonic character, and by its very nature eminently critical. I admit—and that is something for a newspaper man to do in these days of libels and libel trials—I admit diffidence, though it may be difficult to justify the claim, yet when I look down along the long line of those who have preceded me in this office I naturally have some hesitation in assuming the responsibility of framing a reply. I thank you for the generous manner in which this toast has been proposed, honoured and received by the brethren present. In the position which I occupy in the Craft I am following men of eminence and renown; some of the brightest stars that have ever glistened in the Masonic firmament; men who have illumined the pages of periodical literature with its choicest contributions, men who have attained the most exalted political and judicial positions within the gift of this young nation. Yet while I admit my own inferiority in these respects, I neither admit nor yield to anyone in love for, and fealty to, that brotherhood which has been said to be the benefactor of the world, born in the cradle of the race. (Hear, hear.) No brother has had deeper cause for gratification and gratitude than I have, for on two different occasions I have been called to fill the second position in the governing body of the Craft, and I have shown that I deeply appreciate the honour which my brethren have conferred upon me. (Hear, hear.) I trust I err not in saying that in the work I have performed during the past two years I have earned the love of my brethren throughout the

Dominion. (Applause.) Still I have not moved without perplexity and on many occasions I felt very much as I did when I first ventured "on the platform." When, with a trembling heart in my bosom, a change of clothing and a return ticket in my grip, I started out and threw myself on the mercy of brethren in the towns and townships, then I felt as if I would dearly love to exchange all my claims to greatness as a lecturer for the certainty of getting back with my life. (Laughter.) My mind reverted to an enthusiastic, though importunate and unfortunate, lecturer who on his first visit to a certain village was rousingly received at the station by the omnibus driver, and a few hours later was escorted back to the station by an excited and enraged committee of about four hundred citizens. (Laughter and applause.) However I am well pleased to meet my brethren of Hamilton to-night, as I have so many friends here, and above all I recognize the Chief Magistrate of the city as one of our own. I can only assure you that, notwithstanding the petty carpings of those who, while looking at his glossy silken tile, sing "Where did you get that hat?" (laughter) since the day of his inauguration he has filled his civic position in an eminently acceptable manner, and has presided over the representatives of the city with characteristic and dignified ability. (Hear, hear.) As regards the Grand Master of Grand Lodge, he has filled the duties pertaining to his office in a manner that gives unqualified satisfaction to the Craft, and I feel sure that I do not flatter the eminent brother when I claim that his dignity and deportment are characteristic of the man, an exemplar for every brother in the jurisdiction. For all the other

officers of Grand Lodge I can only reiterate the encomiums I have passed upon them before, that they are faithful to their trust, and their attachment to Craft work is bearing fruit in every part of the jurisdiction. Craft work generally is prospering; as a fraternal and beneficial institution I think we require no congratulations. There is no jurisdiction in the universe more harmonious and prosperous than ours, and I need go no further than this city of Hamilton in search of a place where the tenets and principles of Freemasonry are carried out, not only in spirit, but in the very letter. (Applause.) We stand in this Scottish Rite—and I say this with the greatest amount of respect and love for Craft lodges—on the upper floor of Masonry, and, as in the physical universe, the higher we get the purer the atmosphere, the brethren of this Rite should be able to see, as one of the brethren remarked to-night, the great aims and objects of Masonry, with the clearer vision of those who climb the summits of the Alpine ranges. We are all hill-climbing—life is full of hills to be surmounted. The valleys where sorrow sits are too many, yet it is a comfort to know that Masonry can and has let a flood of sunshine into many a saddened home, and cheered and brightened many a widowed heart.

While it is pleasant to contemplate past achievements, still I thank God that in Masonry the forward look is the brighter. Pleasant it is to think of the time when the dream of Masonic excellence will be realized in every-day life, when men will be men, and it is yet more pleasant to think that the humblest of us, by faithfulness to his obligations, can hasten the dawning of that better day.

When I look around me and see so many brethren who are, as Bro. Murton remarked, patriarchs in the Craft, I feel that as a young Mason, one who has had but twenty-five years' experience in Craft work, I am possibly intruding thoughts which would come better from older heads, and yet, my brethren—and believe me, I am earnest and sincere—should we not always remember that we are each an individual link in the golden chain of Masonic endeavor, and that the sum of good accomplished by the Craft is increased or decreased by our faithfulness or unfaithfulness to the obligations we assumed when we came from the winter of the world into the summer of our Masonic brotherhood? (Applause.)

ELECTION OF GRAND MASTER.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge held at Kingston in July, 1890, R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson was elected Grand Master, and in acknowledging the honor said:—

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BRETHREN,—There are feelings, as you all know, strong enough to defy speech. A feeling of that kind almost silences me now. Standing as I do amongst so many personal friends and with you, my brethren of Grand Lodge, may I not be pardoned if I find it difficult to express my gratitude for the honor it so unanimously conferred upon me? The vote declared a moment ago crowns the many kindnesses it has been my happiness to receive at the hands of my brethren. I can assure you that I do not take refuge in hack-

neyed phrases when I state I cannot find words to express my appreciation for the honor I owe to you and the lodges you represent. I would rather let deeds speak. The office to which I have attained would be a lofty summit for the most soaring ambition. I stand to-day upon the threshold of new duties, and while I am naturally pleased with my elevation, my joy is tempered by the solemn sense of the responsibilities that accompany the honor.

The result of the election is another token of confidence which I shall always prize as a princely reward for the efforts and achievements that may have marked my record in the various positions I have held in the Craft. If an honest desire to fulfil my new duties in the most acceptable manner as your Grand Master, will in a measure qualify me for their performance, I shall then at the end of my official term still be able to consider the friendship and esteem of my brethren amongst my most treasured possessions. If my lips fail, my heart keeps on thanking you. (Loud cheers.)

BRANTFORD IN GAY ATTIRE.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL.

(*From the Toronto Freemason, Oct.* 1890.)

The corner stone of the new public school at Brantford was laid by M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the 15th Oct.,

1890, some 6,000 persons being present to witness the ceremony.

. . . . . .

As Chairman Grant handed to the Grand Master the address of welcome, a little girl, Miss Leone Park, daughter of Bro. H. Park, of Brantford, dressed in approved grandmother style, came forward to the dais and was lifted up beside the speakers. In her hand she carried a gigantic bouquet of white and red roses, bordered by ferns, which she presented to the Grand Master, accompanying the presentation with a graceful salutation, and as she stepped back daintily threw a kiss to the assembled Grand Lodge officers.

In replying to these dual honors the Grand Master said, "I can only remark on behalf of the Masonic fraternity, whom I have the honor to represent as their Grand Master, that I thank you cordially for such an enthusiastic and graceful reception. I assure you that the compliments are entirely appreciated, and the demonstration of to-day shows to all visitors conclusively that the cause of education is a dear one to the people of Brantford. The phenomenal progress and excellent record in such matters that Brantford has won during the past years will not only be maintained but decidedly increased. It makes my heart leap with joy to see before me the assembled boys and girls, just climbing into manhood and womanhood, of this fair Canada of ours. You may depend upon it that their record in future years will show many achievements in art, literature and science, and rest assured, gentlemen and brethren, your visitors will retain many pleasant recollections of this day's visit to Brant-

ford. (Applause.) If the young lady who presented me with the bouquet is a fair representative of the femininity of Brantford, the girls of the other great cities of Canada must look to their laurels or they will be completely outstripped in the race for beauty and grace."

Chairman Grant then called upon the Grand Master to address the assembly, which he did as follows :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Perhaps there is no invitation that could have been offered me to which I would more willingly respond than that which calls me here today with my brethren of the Craft in Grand Lodge assembled, to perform at the request of your Public School Board, the pleasing duty of laying the corner stone of a structure to be reared in the interests of true education, and which I feel assured, from a knowledge of your people, will prove a stronghold of intelligence in this important and enterprising city.

To Masonry the public schools of any country have a relationship, sentimental, perhaps, but still genuine. In a free nation the public school is the earliest, almost the truest, teacher of equality. It levels all ranks, and through its doors troop the children of the rich and poor to be armed for the battle of life, and gather the knowledge that will fit them for their places in the daily struggle that engages the energies of all of us—in this country that owns no idlers. (Applause.) Thus early in life they learn that merit in this Canada of ours is sovereign, and this lesson helps them to become examples of what the great Province of Ontario can do in the way of education, and to illustrate in their every-day lives the truth that in the imparting of practical knowledge the

moral training has not been overlooked. It is rather a coincidence in connection with this ceremony that during my recent visit to Europe—indeed, it is only forty-eight hours since I reached my home in Toronto—I had occasion, along with some friends, to make an examination of some of the systems of minor education, both on the continent and in England. From a practical knowledge previously obtained by actual presence at school examinations in Canada, I am satisfied that in respect to schools in England, which stand on the same plane as our public schools, we in Canada have reason to be proud, and can congratulate ourselves on the success we have attained. Indeed, I feel assured—and I say this with all due deference to our English and continental cousins—that the youth trained in our public schools are in general proficiency and intelligence far in advance of those turned out of what are known as the Board schools of England. (Cheers.)

Ontario—and I am glad to see on this platform to-day, in Craft clothing, a Minister of the Crown and a man of advanced thought, in the person of Bro. A. S. Hardy—Ontario, I say, has not been slow to act upon a belief that intelligence is the secret of a nation's greatness, and statistics prove that no people have spent or sacrificed more to give their children the schooling that means opportunity to them. Statistics as a general rule are dry and uninteresting, but on this subject they are really palatable and instructive. Since 1855 the total receipts for public school purposes have increased from $944,000 to $4,456,000, and the sum paid for teachers' salaries has risen from $680,000 to the large sum of $2,251,000. Dur-

ing the same period the number of pupils attending the public schools has increased from 227,000 to 464,000, nearly double, and the number of school buildings from 3,325 to 5,330. Further, since 1860, five years later, the number of brick school houses has increased from 368 to 2,040, while the old log school house—the typical old building where so many of our ancestors became acquainted with the rudiments of education, and were perhaps introduced to the use of the birch—has decreased from 1699 to 491—a most satisfactory decrease. In this connection let me say that a few weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting at Kingston Bro. Robert Sellars, then the oldest Freemason in Canada—a man born in 1790, who if death had not called him home yesterday would next Christmas morning have passed his one hundredth milestone in life's journey. As I talked to this veteran of a century and heard his story of early school days in the first log school in the old city of Kingston, my heart went out for the venerable pioneer who could tell me of the years of 1799-1800, when the good Dr. Strachan, whose memory will be forever green in the hearts of the Canadian people, visited the school and examined the boys in their primitive lessons, with a kindly look for those who did well and a word of advice for those who perhaps had neglected their home studies. When I first visited our old brother, Sellars, I was shown into his garden by his daughter, a young lady of about 75 years of age, who pointed to her father, hale and hearty, spade in hand, turning over the native soil as he had done in the same garden plot nearly a century ago. (Applause.) Here was a man taught in the old log

school, one who in the dark days of 1812-15 shouldered his musket in defence of his native Canada, and who as a pioneer of Masonry—for he was made a Craftsman in 1820—had carried the banner and worked for Masonry in its early struggles in the days when the way was long and weary. Grateful indeed did I feel to Providence for allowing me the privilege of shaking the hand of this veteran whom I did hope might be spared to see many Christmas morns. I am digressing, however. In 1875 there were 10,000 children between the ages of seven and twelve who did not attend any school and I am glad to learn that in 1888 this number was reduced to 5,744 and, by this time, it is probably under 5,000. In your own city of Brantford in 1849 you had only two teachers and 268 pupils, while to-day you have 30 teachers and 2,443 scholars. The teachers' salaries then aggregated $500, to-day they total $10,000. Am I not right when I claim that we have reason to be proud of our progress? (Cheers.)

The curious among you are doubtless anxious to know why this ceremony should be entrusted to the Craft. I can only say that from time immemorial, long before practical Masonry gave way to speculative, away back in the olden days, when the colleges of Roman Builders founded the great edifices, many of which lie in ruins in continental Europe, it was the peculiar charge of these handicraftsmen to lay the corner-stones and foundations of public buildings. In justice to these honest workers let me say that the weakest of their structures lasted many centuries beyond the life of modern architectural triumphs. I say this with all due respect to the master

builders of Brantford. (Hear, hear.) Our Craft has ever been foremost in aiding the cause of education, and when we look across the sea and see such magnificent institutions as the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys and the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, supported by the great and generous Grand Lodge of England, and with the records of the centuries behind us, Canadian Masons may well undertake the responsibility of placing this stone, as I have placed it, in the north-east corner of this building, between the north, the place of darkness, and the east, the place of light, symbolizing the progress not only of Masonry, but of education, art and science from darkness to light. I need hardly tell you that speaking for Grand Lodge and all its officers, we are glad to be in Brantford. We might recognize this new building as a new proof of Brantford's enterprise, but the character of your city is already established. (Hear, hear.) The scenic beauty of its surroundings is matched by the vigour of its people, and we can only hope that in prosperity and population it may go on from strength to strength. Speaking for Grand Lodge, I can cordially thank the School Board for the opportunity of officiating, and for myself I must say that I thank you all for your attention which I count a rich reward for the labours of the day. (Loud cheers.)

Turning from the audience and especially addressing himself to the assembled Craftsmen, the Grand Master said :—

To you, brethren, I must also express my unqualified satisfaction in seeing the ceremony attended by such a large and representative gathering of the Craft. You

know better than anyone the import of the ceremony which has just been enacted, and you can appreciate the symbolism with the keen minds of Craftsmen. To the outside world our ceremonials may be meaningless, and yet I believe that as the cause of education progresses, the intelligent men and women of the country will willingly admit that Masonry is the unvarying friend of man, and that our mission is the cultivation and improvement of the human mind and the promotion at our fireside and in the daily walks of life, of fraternity, fellowship and good-will. My travels during the past quarter of a century have been extensive, and my experience in meeting the intelligent men of this Continent and of Europe has been that our fraternity is a grand one—commanding the respect and admiration of the world and without a peer in the realm of fraternal organizations.

It warms my heart as I see you, strong in numbers and, I am sure, zealous in the work, aiding me by your presence in the impressive ceremonial which has just taken place. To have you here to-day is most encouraging, and I feel more than ever a realization of the great honor the Craft conferred on me when it selected me for the highest position in its gift.

The welcome to-day has been a happy one. Our Brantford brethren have given us a reception—just such an one as I would expect from the brethren of the 8th Masonic District. These brethren are doing excellent work, and in their lodges represent the intelligence of this beautiful city.

I again thank you for your attendance, and trust that we may long be spared to meet one another in social and

other gatherings, and that ceremonies such as those of to-day may inspire you with renewed energy on behalf of the Craft, satisfied that you belong to an honorable institution—one that is doing a good work, and that your executive and other officers and your Grand Master are doing their duty. (Cheers.)

To the children—the boys and the girls—whose bright faces I see in thousands before me, I want to say that their cheers and welcome shall never be forgotten. It gladdens my heart to see those who are climbing into manhood and womanhood in their thousands to-day, and reminds me of the thoughts that passed through my mind as on my way home from the railway station at Toronto, I saw the flag of our country floating from the tops of the school-houses, in commemoration of a day past and gone, but a great day in Canadian history. Surely I was right when I said to myself that if history had ever to repeat itself—and I hoped to God it never would—that if another struggle for victory ever took place on our soil, at Queenston Heights or anywhere else, we would look to the boys brought up in the public school-houses of the Dominion, to defend, as citizen soldiers, our firesides and our homes. (Cheers.) To day's proceedings have given me an enormous amount of pleasure, this being the first ceremony of the kind I have undertaken since my election. I will repeat the gift to the Central school of Brantford that I made to the High school at Meaford, and I hereby donate four prizes to be competed for by public school scholars, the subject being proficiency in Canadian history. (Applause.)

After the return of the Craft to the lodge room a vote

of thanks was tendered to the Grand Master and officers of Grand Lodge.

In response, the Grand Master said :—Votes of thanks to a Grand Master and Grand Officers for discharging their duties, while gratifying, are nevertheless out of place, for the simple fact that no man ought to be thanked for discharging his duty. In the present case, however, I think it might be admissible. No meeting of the Craft that I have ever attended perhaps has given me more personal satisfaction than the gathering that has taken place to-day. I feel assured it is similarly regarded by the other members and officers of Grand Lodge, who have been present. In expressing this gratification I am sure I voice the sentiments of everyone concerned. It is particularly pleasing to me as Grand Master, on this the first occasion that I have had the honour of presiding at a ceremony of this nature, to see so many prominent brethren present, and the attendance of such a large and influential assemblage of my brethren will be cherished amongst my most delightful recollections. It adds zest to my cherished hope and well defined conclusion that in the cause of Masonry the interest taken by the world at large is rapidly on the increase, and it strengthens the view that I have held for many years that in the realm of fraternal organizations the Masonic body stands without a peer.

The Committee of Arrangement has certainly performed its duty in an exceptional manner, and although the time for preparation on my part was rather short, having just left the deck of an Atlantic flyer racing across the ocean with its attendant excitement, it is surely sufficient to

justify even a Grand Master to plead that he is hardly in condition to discharge the important duty which the kindness of the brethren had imposed upon him. It was particularly pleasant to meet as we have in Brantford, and the speeches which were delivered to-day justify the belief that the natives of this old county were being reared in a nursery of oratory. Brantford is situated in a district that lives in the annals of parliamentary eloquence in the speeches of Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. Wood, M. P.P., and Mr. Paterson, M. P. The city of Brantford is not only noted for being the home of masters in the art of oratory, but it is also rich in Masonic memories, in that it was identified with the name of the first native Canadian Craftsman, Bro. Joseph Brant, whose monument ornaments your public square. Here also lived the first Grand Master of the Order, in the person of William Mercer Wilson. I feel that a meeting such as that of to-day will do an incalculable amount of good in promoting good-will, fellowship and kindness between men and brethren assembled to take part in so important a ceremonial. My experience in all parts of Craft work, covering a quarter of a century, has confirmed me in the belief that the tenets and principles of the Craft are such as command the admiration of the world.

Each of the Grand Lodge officers on the occasion of this visit has performed his duty faithfully and well. Each was as sincere and energetic as any Grand Master could desire. It is particularly pleasant to be with the brethren of Brantford. They were all brethren and the best of good fellows. There are no Craftsmen in the jurisdiction we have warmer hearts for than those of

the 8th Masonic District, and the welcome was such as would be expected from those brethren who work so close to the lines of their Masonic obligation. All over Canada we look on Brantford as an example of integrity and enterprise, and its successes are as pleasurable to us as if they were bestowed upon the city from which we individually hail. Permit me to assure you that I am one with you all, and if in any possible way, either as an individual or as a member of the Craft, whether in Grand Lodge or in subordinate lodges or in the everyday walk of life, it will be the greatest pleasure to assist if I can, any one and all of you—from the youngest apprentice to the Deputy Grand Master. If the brethren could only have witnessed the reception tendered me in the Mother Grand Lodge of the world, in the Grand Lodge of England, before an audience of five hundred Masons—men of the brightest minds and intelligence—they would have been overjoyed at the hearty welcome extended to the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Our brethren in Old England are monarchs in kindness. And their wealth of welcome was as generous as the sunlight. Brethren like Col. Clarke, the Grand Secretary of England, Robert Freke Gould, the eminent historian, and W. J. Hughan, one of nature's noblemen, the greatest living authority on Craft matters, gave me a welcome that showed the kindliest thought for the phalanx of Craftsmen who guard the banner in this jurisdiction, proud to claim descent from the Mother Grand Lodge of the world. I did indeed spend happy hours with my brethren in England, and as I turned over the leaves of the old records away back in the early days of the seven-

teenth century, and scanned the writings of the Grand Lodges of later date, I felt that if the Masons of these days had ever dreamed that a Canadian Grand Master would handle their manuscripts, they would perhaps have given us better records of the doings of the early Craftsmen of Canada.

I find that during my absence the kindest words have been spoken of me at meetings presided over by the R. W. Bro. J. M. Gibson, the Deputy Grand Master, who on account of public business could not be with us to-day. I hope to be able to show the Craft that my interest is by no means of a flagging character. My aim is to promote in every way the harmony existing in the lodges. Since my election the best of fellowship and concord have prevailed, and I trust that during my term of office nothing will occur to mar the satisfaction in presiding over such a distinguished body as the Grand Lodge of Canada. I feel most thankful towards the members from a distance for their presence with us. They have added materially to the success of the ceremony of to-day. It was likewise pleasant to see the assembled thousands of people of this good city, with men of reputation and standing as Bro., the Hon. A. S. Hardy, and statesmen, judges and other prominent Canadians gathered with the Craft. The presence of such gentlemen cannot fail to impress the mind of the world that we have an institution that any man might well be proud to be a member of. (Cheers.) The good that Masonry has done and is doing is incalculable, and while occasionally we find critics, even amongst our own ranks, I feel assured the heart of the Craft is all right and that

ninety-nine per cent. of the rank and file are thoroughly loyal. I am afraid that some of those who criticise are actuated by motives that might be more generous if they had an appreciation of the great responsibility entailed upon the guiding hand of an organization that is looked up to and respected by every jurisdiction in the world.

The Grand Master thanked the brethren and the trustees who assisted in adding pleasure to the day's proceedings, and the meeting closed with cheers.

BRETHREN OF HIGH DEGREE.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE SCOTTISH RITE AT HAMILTON.

The annual meeting of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for 1890 was held at Hamilton, and terminated on October the 24th. At the banquet, when the toast of the "M. W. the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada" was proposed, the choir deemed it appropriate, as M. W. Bro. Robertson had just returned from Europe, to enliven the board with "Our Jack 's Come Home To-day." The M. W. Bro. said:—

Illustrious Sir and Brethren: I recognize the courtesy of the singers and the appropriateness of the song with which they greeted my rising. I can assure them that I am indeed happy to be home once more, and no place better than with my brethren of Hamilton, who have always had such a wealth of welcome for me,—and truly indeed did their song touch my heart. At the same

time I am free to confess that diffidence is not a prevailing characteristic with newspaper men, and yet I feel on the present occasion some hesitancy in rising to respond to the toast which you have so generously proposed, and which has been so enthusiastically welcomed by my companions of a Rite that pre-eminently represents the ideal of perfection, the universal harmony that should pervade our Masonic organizations.

I feel confident that the committee who have had the arrangements for this banquet in hand have performed their work in an exceptional manner, save, perhaps in one particular, and for future guidance, I would fraternally remind them that there are only two classes of men in the community who can afford to address an audience unprepared, namely, men who are inspired, and those who are mentally out of gear, and, as I do not belong to the former class, and trust that I do not hail from the latter, a kindly word as to what was to be expected of me would have been received with gratitude by one who, after tramping the deck of an Atlantic liner, should naturally like a few days' rest before appearing at so important a reunion.

To tell you the truth, during my tour in Europe I collected a large and varied stock of foreign remarks, with which I would have gladdened your ears had it not been that I journeyed homeward by way of New York, and met the McKinley bill at the Inman pier. The duty under the new tariff was not perhaps beyond my financial strength, but the United States Customs inspectors' rating so far exceeded my modest estimate of the value of my imported remarks, that I was stripped of every-

thing except the few words I was able to smuggle into my address at the Brantford stone-laying, and one speech in a month is a reaper that leaves me—mentally, of course, I mean—as bare as an autumn field, and without being born eloquent, a visitor—I will not say a stranger—I can hardly hope to compete with the natives of this progressive and intellectual city, which in all circles, both Masonic and civil- -yes, and in the pulpit, too—possesses adepts in speech far in advance of my strongest powers. (Applause.)

Yet, when I was informed by Bros. Murton and Mason this afternoon that I should be expected to reply to the toast of "The Grand Lodge of Canada," I offered up a mental prayer that the genius of inspiration might lend language to express the thoughts of my heart as I stood before my friends and companions, who represent the mental power, the energy of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, in the Supreme Council of the Dominion of Canada.

Masonry and its kindred Orders teach men to be companionable, and representing, as I do, the great body that first gave Masonic life to those who sit in council in the higher plane, I feel that the connecting ties which bind us serve a double purpose, in that we, having seen the brighter light, may take advantage of our knowledge and help to build up as a stronghold of intelligence the primal degrees from which we draw our power, and in this line of thought I am deeply impressed with the influences for good which can be exerted by our membership over all branches of the Craft work. (Applause.)

The peril of Masonry is at the door, and as we

endeavor to be careful in the selection of those we admit to our higher communion, should we not guard, with even greater care, the portals which are open to the broader brotherhood, the Masonry of the multitude?

I feel at ease in addressing you members of the Supreme Council, as the representative of an organization that is dear to every one of you. The Craft lodge is the first source of Masonic life. It was your birthplace, and is still the home to which the hearts of true Masons turn with unfaltering and undying loyalty.

We are all aware that the increased interest in the higher work is liable to minimize the importance of the Craft degrees. This fact should not apply in the higher rites, and I know it has no application to you, brethren of the Scottish Rite, for I see around me, seated at this table, the faces of so many veterans in the field of Masonic endeavor.

The greatest good to the greatest number must always be the aim of Masonry, and the valley where the many enter into light is just as noble a spot, in the fraternal landscape, as the hill-tops which the soaring few attain, in pursuit of that further radiance which shines through the degree of the Scottish Rite. (Applause.)

With regard to our Craft work, I can truly say that its progress for the past thirty years has been phenomenal, from the days of 1855, when the little band of faithful Craftsmen sat within sight of where I now stand, and declared for freedom in Masonic life and independence in Masonic thought, and laid the corner stone of a great Craft jurisdiction that has not only an honored name the world over, but has children around her who can look up

and speak the loving word "Mother." It is pleasant to look over the records of those years and know that, in many ways, social and otherwise, we are doing a work that commends itself to the well-thinking men and women of every land.

The Grand officers of the Craft are men, sincere and energetic in the work, and I have no desire to flatter when I say that their support, since I assumed office, has been most encouraging. The seventeen District Deputy Grand Masters of the jurisdiction are energetic and faithful officers, and I am sure will do their best to aid me in my work.

My visit to Great Britain and the Continent, during the past six months, was not only pleasurable from a tourist, but also from a Masonic, standpoint, and the welcome extended me by the Grand Lodge of England—the mother Grand Lodge of the world—as well as by the members of the Scottish Rite whom I had the pleasure of meeting, was one that warmed my heart, and one that will never be effaced from my memory.

If I had the eloquence of many of those I see before me, I might frame a more fitting tribute to the good the Craft has done and is doing. We are, I am satisfied, doing a great work in the promotion of fellowship and fraternity. Life and the world are what we make them, and, as we climb into higher thoughts, so much more good can we accomplish. Good works are seeds that, after sowing, return a continual harvest, and the memory of noble actions is more enduring than monuments of marble. Our work of benevolence is well known to you all, but to say more would not harmonize with our teach-

ings, so that I would rather let deeds speak for the homes brightened, and the hearts gladdened by the good work that in Holy Writ is spoken of "as pure religion and undefiled." (Loud cheers.)

WESTPORT *EN FETE.*

A GREAT DAY IN THE LITTLE EASTERN VILLAGE.

The Brockville *Evening Recorder* of the 29th Oct., gives the following extended and interesting account of the corner stone laying at Westport by Grand Master Robertson :

Yesterday was indeed a red-letter day in the history of the thriving little village of Westport, the occasion being the presence of the Masonic fraternity, and the laying by the Craft of the corner stone of St. George's Church. The weather was enjoyable and the ceremony was attended by a large gathering of people from Westport and the surrounding country, while the Craft was well represented by delegates from all the lodges in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Masonic Districts, as well as by brethren from a distance.

M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, stepping to the front of the raised platform, amid cheers from the assemblage, spoke as follows :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The Masonic fraternity within its circle is called upon to exemplify the impressive ceremonies of the Craft in that portion of its work which may not be viewed by the outer world.

These ceremonies convey to us great truths; teach us important lessons, which ought to so impress the minds of brethren that both at home and abroad, in the lodge-room, or as they struggle in the ranks of business life, they may remember the words spoken, knowing that the principles we endeavor to inculcate are those which help to clothe the young Mason with all the attributes of perfect manhood.

While it is pleasant to know and to feel that we are thus trying to act on a high level with the best thoughts of mankind, we are glad that those without the purview of our altars recognize the good work that we are engaged in, by inviting us to take part in ceremonies similar to that which we have performed to-day.

What greater testimony does a fraternity require of the soundness of the principles and tenets on which its institution is built, than the requests to take part in ceremonies connected with the cause of religion and education? This week—as it is to-day—to lay the foundation stone of a Temple to be reared to the worship of the Grand Architect of the universe, the Divine Being, the Infinite Spirit, without belief in whom the future would be a mist; and at another time—as last week—to place in position the corner stone of an edifice where the hope of our favored country, the boys and girls, who in a few years will take our places in the business of every-day life, in the forum, in the pulpit, or as mothers of the future, will gather that knowledge which will strengthen the mind, tone the morals, and confirm the belief in all that is written within the Holy Book that for centuries has been read to us by our mothers, and lies ever open on the

altar of all Masons hailing from the noble ancestry of British fathers.

It was, therefore, with gratification that I acceded to the request made by the incumbent of this parish through our R. W. Bro. Dargavel, the District Deputy Grand Master of the Fourteenth Masonic District, to add the dignity of our Craft ceremonies to the intense solemnity of this occasion.

On behalf of Grand Lodge, its officers and members, and for myself as Grand Master, I can assure you that we are delighted to have the opportunity of taking part in what must be an important event in the religious life of this section of country—a district, let me remind you, that ought to be sweet to the memory of our Craft, for, but a few miles from here, some of our first altars were reared in the early days of this century, where the sturdy pioneers, many of whom were Craftsmen, hewed into squares the monarchs of the forest and built the primitive log cabin, that has given way to the comfortable home, with its modern improvements, and guided the plough through the stump-dotted fields, to be hidden at harvest time with the golden grain that to-day is the staple production of this garden of the world, our native province.

When I look at the faces of many before me, anxious, I have no doubt, to know the secrets of the Mason's art, I feel that it would be an injustice if I did not satisfy their curiosity and tell them why we as Masons relegate to ourselves the duty of to-day's ceremonial.

The corner stone is the most important part of the structure, and those of you who have either of your own

free will and accord, or at the suggestion—please mark the word—of your school teachers, delved into the fathoms of ancient history, will remember that at the rebuilding of the capital at Rome, amid impressive ceremonies, accompanied by solemn prayer, the magistrates, the priests, senators and citizens, with general demonstrations of joy dragged the ponderous load, the corner stone, to its destined spot.

This stone, which must be square, speaks to us as an emblem of morality. In its solid contents it must be a cube which to us is a symbol of truth. Its position is important, and exemplifies to us the progress of Masonry from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, for it is laid in the north-east corner, between the north, the place of darkness, and the east, the place of light, and to the Freemason this signifies and is typical of the corner stone of immortality.

We use the square, the level, and the plumb rule as fitting emblems of our calling. The square teaches morality, the level equality, and the plumb rule justness and uprightness of life and action. From the gavel we learn that perseverance is necessary to establish perfection, so that the mind may be enlightened and the soul rendered pure.

The corn, wine, and oil are, as you may have observed, also symbolical, as emblems of plenty, cheerfulness and happiness, for with bread we feed the hungry, with wine we cheer the sorrowful, and with oil we pour consolation on those sickened in body or sorrowed in heart.

Reverend Sir, our Masonic ancestors reared the greatest temples of your faith, and, while in England, as I gazed

on the massive minster at York, the noble front of Lincoln's mighty cathedral, or the turreted roof of grand old Peterborough, and knew that the hands of the operative Masons of long ago had placed these stones in position, I indeed felt that the speculative Masonry of to-day might with all its energies, enable each individual Mason to become a stone of that living temple, in which shines a light to pilot those who worship at our altars through the rocks and breakers which mark the ocean of unbelief, in safety to that haven of quiet waters where the signals of Faith, Hope, and Charity are forever flying.

Masonry, rightly understood, is the ally of the church, the friend of the school-house. It is the glory of the English-speaking Masons that it has always stood like granite against the assaults of unbelief, and in a crisis of Craft history, when at least one great jurisdiction was carried away by a flood of agnosticism, the British Craft formed a gigantic square around our first great landmark and declared that without the belief in the cardinal truth that there was a Supreme Being, that He had revealed His will to man, and that He would punish vice and reward virtue, the entire fabric of Masonry would crumble to dust.

As a benevolent institution, we do not claim to be in the foreground, and it is well that on an occasion of this kind I should define the position of the Craft with regard to its general charity. It is true that we have accumulated funds with which we endeavor to brighten the lives of our widowed ones, but while other associations of men are leagued in brotherhood for mutual aid, the material beneficence of Masonry is always an act of grace, not the

fulfilment of a legal or moral obligation. Far be it from me to institute comparisons that would minimize the incalculable amount of good that the leading benevolent and friendly societies have accomplished for English-speaking humanity. Masonry stands alone and must be judged by its own laws. Our endeavor is to do good by stealth, and I am thankful to state that all over this jurisdiction, in the great cities and around the little hamlets where our Craft fires burn, we have through the goodness of the twenty thousand Craftsmen of this Province been enabled to send streaks of sunshine into many a saddened home, with comfort for the widowed heart and cheer for the orphan child.

I thank you heartily for your kindly presence here today, and trust that you may carry away pleasant recollections of the Craft ceremonies which are now concluded.

AN EVENING IN NEWBORO'.

THE BRETHREN OF SIMPSON LODGE CAPTURE THE GRAND MASTER.

When the Grand Master visited the eastern section of the province last month for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the Westport Anglican church, the brethren of Simpson Lodge, Newboro', seized the opportunity, and requested the distinguished brother to spend an evening with them. The cordiality of the invitation was only equalled by the kindness with which it was accepted, and the brethren by the strength of their numbers showed

that they appreciated the Grand Master's willingness to oblige even at personal inconvenience. The Brockville *Recorder* says of the occasion:

At 8 o'clock the large room was filled to its utmost capacity by the members of the Craft. W. Bro. Gorrell, the W. M., presided, and received the Grand Master with grand honours. The Grand Master, in response to the kind words of the W. M. said:—

"It is a pleasure for me at all times to meet my brethren of the Craft, but on occasions like the present, the interest is intensified by the generous and hearty welcome that has not only been extended me in this lodge room this evening, but also by the cordial greeting of the many brethren who were present at the ceremonies of the afternoon. It is gratifying indeed to me to find that my efforts during the time I have held office in Grand Lodge have been appreciated, and I do not intend to flatter the brethren when I say that I was delighted with the representative gathering of to-day and the success with which the entire ceremonies were crowned. The people, as you might see, were delighted, that is, if applause is an indication of their feelings, and the Craft certainly did its share to make the event one long to be remembered in this old Masonic district. The courtesy and fraternity of Masons are the same the world over, and believe me, brethren, when I say that when I look at the faces of the members of the Craft at our great gatherings, when I feel the hearty welcome of the brethren as I meet them in their Craft homes, in their own lodge rooms, my heart warms for a membership that stands to-day respected and looked up to by the good people of every sec-

tion of the country. I find an inspiring welcome everywhere, and it is indeed my sincere desire that our great cause may go on to further prosperity—that we may practise the principles upon which the institution is founded, yet while we may strengthen our fold in numbers, we shall be careful to exercise due care that all who seek our communion are up to the standard. While it is a good thing to be strong numerically, we must remember that we must not fall into the grave error of making members and not Masons. Better that our ranks should remain stationary forever, than that we, by a sacrifice of principle, or by over-eagerness to gain strength, should admit those who are unworthy to sit in our lodge rooms. I have promised to tell you something about Craft history to-night, but before doing so I may say that I am just back from the old land, the dear old spot that gave us our first Craft light, and that as I was received in the Grand Lodge of England with a royal welcome, I felt that indeed we ought well to be proud that we were the children of that grand old jurisdiction, which has done so much to spread the principles of Masonry in every part of the world. As I spent hours in the Grand Secretary's office in London searching the records of over a hundred years ago, and read the minutes of the Grand Lodges of England from 1725-1800, and more particularly those of the Athol Grand Lodge, I felt as if I were having a ramble with the brethren of long ago, many of whose names are familiar to me. These matters I shall refer to at greater length in my lecture. The time I had at my disposal in England was limited, but wherever I went I had a truly Masonic welcome."

The Grand Master then gave an address of over an hour on Craft history in Canada for the past century, which was listened to with close attention by the large audience.

IT WAS A GREAT NIGHT.

TORONTO'S RECEPTION TO THE GRAND MASTER.

(From the Toronto Freemason, Nov., 1890.)

The Masonic Temple on Toronto-street has been the scene of many notable demonstrations. Brethren of distinction have in the years gone by been honored and sung within the historic walls, but never did it witness so large, so representative and so enthusiastic a gathering as that which on Hallowe'en assembled to welcome and congratulate the M. W. the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, Bro. J. Ross Robertson. It was a spontaneous greeting from the brethren of his native city, and the kindness which prompted the action was only equalled by the energy and unanimity with which the preliminaries were carried forward, and the single-hearted cordiality which characterized the culmination. The proceedings of last night added a brilliant page to the record of an eventful Masonic year, and furnished to the fraternity the world over conclusive evidence of the sterling loyalty of the Craft in Toronto. Nor was the assemblage confined to the Queen City. The contingents from Hamilton, London, Kingston, Brantford, St. Catharines, Brampton, Guelph, and other places in the province, swelled the

gathering until when the hour for opening arrived fully six hundred Craftsmen in evening dress, and clothed in regalia, responded to the W. M's gavel. W. Bro. H. J. Craig, and the officers of Zetland Lodge, No. 326, conducted the opening ceremony, after which the chair was taken by the chairman of the Reception Committee, and the other positions were filled by the Masters of the city lodges as follows: W. Bros. A. R. McDonald, of St. Andrew's Lodge, S.W.; W. Cook of King Solomon's, J. W.; Dr. Ryerson, of Ionic, S.D.; W. G. Graham, of Rehoboam, J.D.; R. B. Harcourt, of St. John's, S.S.; R. W. Hull, of York, J.S.; W. E. McCartney, of Doric, Treas.; Geo. Clark, of Wilson, Sec.; E. Sanderson, of Orient, D. of C.; W. C. Beddome, of Alpha, Chap.; J. G. Dixon, of Zeta, Organist; R. Charlton, of Occident, Asst. Sec.; W. Riddle, of St. George, I.G.

The brethren from Hamilton, headed by R. W. Bros. E. Mitchell, Grand Treasurer; C. W. Mulligan, D.D.G.M., and Mayor David McLellan, P.G.S.W., received an ovation on entering which was repeated when the veteran Craftsman, R. W. Bro. Kivas Tully, representative of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, was observed among another batch of newcomers. Long after the opening, brethren continued to arrive and standing room was at a premium. At a quarter to nine o'clock the M.W., the Grand Master was introduced by V. W. Bros. Robert Oliver, G.S.D.; Robert Cuthbert, G.S.B., and A. G. Horwood, Asst. G.D. of C., and received with grand honours.

The following letter from Past Grand Master Spry was read and received with tumultuous applause :—

BARRIE, 31st Oct., 1890.

Geo. Clarke, Esq., Sec. G. M. Reception Com., Toronto. Ont.

DEAR SIR AND W. BROTHER,—I regret that I am unable to be present this evening to assist in doing honour to Most Worshipful Brother J. Ross Robertson, our able and efficient Grand Master.

I would have liked to be with you for two good and sufficient reasons, but my other engagements will not permit. 1st. On personal grounds I should be delighted to do him honour, as we have been close friends for many years and I had the pleasure of initiating him into Masonry, and have never had occasion to regret it. 2nd. Since he has been a Mason he has devoted himself heart and soul to the good of the Craft, and has been liberal with his means to those who required his assistance—more liberal than others than himself really know—and has done much to deserve the esteem in which he is justly held. He has been singularly blessed with ample means for doing good, and has shared with others the wealth which he has won for himself. Such men are scarce, and when we find them we should extend to them that courtesy and hearty support which Most Worshipful Brother Robertson so eminently deserves.

I trust your meeting this evening may be as enthusiastic as I would wish, and greater than that it could not possibly be.

I am, yours faithfully and fraternally.

DANIEL SPRY, P.G.M.

After the letters of regret had been read and fyled

away, R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone arose and addressed the Grand Master, saying:

"The presence of such a large gathering as this assembled for the one purpose of showing fealty and love to you must be highly gratifying. Singular it may seem that right here within the walls of the room where your Masonic career was inaugurated you are about to receive the highest tribute of affection and esteem that the Masons of Toronto have within their gift. In your subordinate lodge step by step you worked your way until your brethren placed you in the chair of King Solomon's Lodge. The manner in which you undertook the affairs of that lodge and directed its course stamped you as a brother fitted for higher and nobler purposes. (Applause.) In this hall the great lessons of morality, friendship and benevolence were inculcated in your heart. You made many warm and lasting friends whose devotion to you and your cause has ever remained steadfast. We felt overjoyed when we received you here as our Worshipful Master. Again, your welcome was highly tempered with joy when you returned to us from Grand Lodge its Grand Senior Warden; then as District Deputy Grand Master once more we had the privilege of showing our esteem, and our plaudits again rang when you were chosen our Deputy Grand Master. Now, on behalf of all the Toronto lodges here assembled, and representatives from far and near, I congratulate you on your honorable elevation to the responsible position of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. (Applause.) Your empire is a mighty one. Twenty-two thousand Craftsmen bow to you in fealty and honour, and listen to

your words of wisdom and counsel. Toronto Craftsmen feel a certain amount of pardonable pride in you and your position, receiving as you did your Masonic baptism in this city. I am sure that I do not err when I say that every Craftsman in Toronto was joyful upon your elevation to the Grand East. This gathering proves it. Every lodge in the city has joined hands to make this your reception a success. The members of the sixteen lodges of Toronto were joined by York lodge, their little sister of Eglinton, that I hope soon will be called a city lodge. Here we are all assembled to do you honour and express our pleasure. We feel that as District Deputy Grand Master a great deal is due to you. The prosperity and efficiency of the lodges within the bounds of the Toronto District are traceable to you. Incalculable good was the result of that truthful, honest and conscientious report which you sent in to the Grand Lodge. (Applause.) Prior to your time the lodges in the outskirts of the district saw little of the District Deputy Grand Master, but under your régime all things were changed, and new life was infused in Masonic bodies that were rapidly becoming dormant. Your career as a Mason is without a parallel in the history of Freemasonry. (Applause.) You have never been excelled nor equalled by any Grand Master or any other officer. Your project to visit a hundred lodges during the year is an enormous one, and seems almost beyond the bounds of human power. No doubt your visits will result in the resuscitation of the lodges that are now weakening, and we may safely conclude that the year under your magistracy will be the most profitable one that Masonry in Canada has ever enjoyed.

(Applause.) We join in expressing our gratification on account of your royal and enthusiastic welcome in the Mother Grand Lodge of the world—the Grand Lodge of England. From you they learned that in this Canada of ours there was a grand body of Masons, loyal and true, marshalling under their banners thousands of Craftsmen ready to maintain at any cost the British empire and British sovereignty. (Applause.) We welcome you to your home and native city, to the hearts of your brethren, friends and admirers. This monster meeting must be a great source of gratification to you. It evidences that your good works are appreciated by all.

"My brothers on the committee would say I was remiss in my duty if I did not return thanks to W. Bro. Clarke, who has worked manfully and well to make this meeting a success. Of course the success of this meeting is due to the Grand Master, but Bro. Clarke's arrangement of the details is worthy of high commendation. On behalf of the city lodges I present you with this address of welcome:—

To Most Worshipful Brother J. Ross Robertson, Esq., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. and A. M.

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR,—The Freemasons of Toronto take this the first opportunity of congratulating you upon your elevation to the most distinguished and important office in the gift of the Craft, and also of expressing their high appreciation of your eminent services in the cause of Freemasonry and of humanity.

Your munificent gifts to public charitable institutions, your earnest endeavors to spread the light of Freemas-

onry, and your successful antiquarian researches, have marked you as a Mason in act as well as in word, and lead us to believe that you will discharge the duties of your great office in no perfunctory manner.

We also beg to congratulate you upon your enthusiastic reception in England. Your speeches did much to inform our brethren in the motherland of the condition of Masonry in this country, and to cause them to feel that we are one with them in the bonds of brotherhood. We also appreciate and cordially agree with your loyal expressions of attachment to the throne and person of her Majesty the Queen, and to our grand old flag, that emblem of civil and religious liberty.

And finally we most heartily congratulate you upon your safe return to your family and to our midst, and beg to express the hope that you may be long spared to them and to the Craft which you so ably rule.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves on behalf of the Craft, yours obediently and fraternally.

The address was signed by the following:

A. R. MacDonald,
W. M. St. Andrews, No. 16.

Wm. Cooke,
W. M. King Solomons, No. 22.

G. Sterling Ryerson,
W. M. Ionic, No. 25.

Wm. J. Graham,
W. M. Rehoboam, No. 65.

R. B. Harcourt,
W. M. St. Johns, No. 75.

Geo. M. Clarke,
W. M. Wilson, No. 86.

James Baird,
W. M. Stevenson, No. 218.

W. R. Clarke,
W. M. Ashlar, No. 247.

Wm. McCartney,
W. M. Doric, No. 316.

J. C. Craig,
W. M. Zetland, No. 326.

E. SANDERSON,
W. M. Orient, No. 339.

W. C. BEDDOME,
W. M. Alpha, No. 384.

R. CHARLTON,
W. M. Occident, No. 346.

J. G. DIXON,
W. M. Zeta, No. 410.

WILLIAM RIDDLE,
W. M. St. George, No. 367.

R W. HULL,
W. M. York, No. 456.

Yours fraternally,

E. T. MALONE,
Chairman.

GEO. M. CLARKE,
Secretary.

In reply to the address of welcome the Grand Master said :—

R. W. Sir, and my Brethren of the Craft :—There are periods in the lives of all brethren, not only those who have occupied the position of Grand Master, but those who have filled other honoured places in the gift of the Craft, when the hearty, generous, and whole-souled greetings of their fellow-Craftsmen make it hard to break the silence of gratitude with spoken thanks. My voice is almost a prisoner to that feeling to-night.

Sitting in this temple of the Craft, with you my brethren, knowing nearly all of you personally, and being on terms of close and intimate friendship with many of you, I can indeed feel that your cordial and generous welcome has not only overpowered me, but left me your debtor, indeed I might say your bankrupt debtor, for the wealth of welcome in your address, the kind expressions of esteem for myself as a Craftsman, and your reference to any little good that I may have, as a citizen,

been enabled to do for our common humanity, leave me poor indeed in words although rich to overflowing in gratitude. (Applause.)

In Masonry, as in private life, those things that are nearest the home are nearest the heart, and after a lengthened and varied experience, extending over nearly twenty-five years, I have yet to find one instance where my work in and for the Craft has not been appreciated.

Few brethren, who have filled positions of responsibility, have more reason to be grateful than I have, and I would indeed be ungenerous if I did not admit that I have been richly rewarded, not for what I have done, but for what I have tried to do in the upbuilding of our fraternity. The welcome which I have received and the evidences of appreciation that have met me on every hand since I have been brought into official relationship with the Craft generally, have been pleasurable beyond expression. It is, perhaps, natural that I should prize, above all the honours paid me where I am little known, the greeting which you brethren have reserved for your Grand Master. I am here in my Masonic birthplace, almost within sight of the spot where I first saw the great lights spread, surrounded by familiar faces, many who, no doubt, have watched me with fatherly care as I have laboured in the Craft field; others who have encouraged me with kindly words, while some in just zeal, may have deemed it fitting, as was their right, to differ from me.

I gladly accept your assurance of esteem as a proof of loyalty to the Craft, that speaks in praise of its head. I am not vain enough to be flattered as an individual by the good words which you have spoken and read, and I

accept your happy expressions as a sincere tribute to the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

Since my installation in office I have had the opportunity of rendering some service to the Craft, and, when within twenty-four hours of my return from Europe I stood surrounded by the officers of Grand Lodge and half a thousand Craftsmen, in full view of an immense concourse of citizens in the city of Brantford when I laid the corner stone of their public school, I indeed felt proud of our institution and its intelligent and observant membership; while another day had not passed ere I stood in the silent acres near old Kingston, with my esteemed M. W. Brothers Walkem and dear old Dr. Henderson—God bless him—and paid the last sad offices of respect to our Brother Sellars—the old Freemason—who was not only a pioneer in Craftwork, but whose life had grasped nigh a century of time. And again, last Friday in Hamilton, when, as your Grand Master, I received at the meeting of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, a flood of welcome from the large-hearted brethren of that home of Masonic harmony, whose beautiful bay was justly described by a brother in his speech that evening as the "key to the saltless briny"—a rather happy expression. On Tuesday afternoon, with my brethren of the Fourteenth District, I laid the corner stone of the Anglican church at Westport, and in the evening lectured to over a hundred Craftsmen, in Simpson Lodge room at Newboro', an audience that, if small in numbers, was mighty in enthusiasm. Aside from the personal gratification that these meetings afforded me, I felt that an eulogy of my work was an encomium passed

on the Craft, whose representative I am. So that you see I have not been idle since my return. (Applause.)

Delighted as I am to be at home, I cannot forget my visit to the old land—to the Mother Grand Lodge, the United Grand Lodge of England—the fountain which has supplied the stream of Canadian Craft work for nearly a century. My reception by the English Craft was marked by a sincerity that is characteristic of the Craftsmen in the home of our fathers, and when, on the morning of my arrival in London, I called on Col. Shadwell Clarke, the Grand Secretary of England, I found a gentleman, whose greeting was so happy that it made me feel as if I had met an old friend. His expression of pleasure at seeing me, was accompanied by an invitation to meet the Grand Officers at their mess, at five o'clock, in Freemasons' Tavern, and in the evening to visit the Grand Lodge in its Quarterly Communication. The reunion at dinner was most enjoyable. Col. Sandiman presided, with M. W. Bro. Clifford McCalla, of Pennsylvania, as the senior visiting Grand Master, on his right, and myself, as the representative of Canada, the junior jurisdiction, on his left. I need not tell you, my brethren, that it was an English dinner, and as I returned my acknowledgments for the compliments paid our jurisdiction, I mentally resolved that whatever fault I had to find with the Craftsmen of the motherland for their action in the early days of Masonic government, when we were struggling for life and freedom, I, without a tinge of reservation, at once and forever granted them full absolution and forgiveness for the sleepless nights they may have cost us in the time of long ago. (Cheers.)

It was not an unimpressive sight to look around that happy company, clothed in the golden regalia of the Craft. I felt that we might indeed be proud of the mother lodge, whose officers were men who stood in the highest social scale, who had, in mercantile and professional life, on British battle fields, and on the quarter-decks of our fleets, not only done their duty to their country, but were pillars of the Craft in the oldest Masonic jurisdiction in the world.

An hour later we stood in the robing room of the Grand Lodge. The magnificent regalia of the Craft had been brought from the strong room, the great sword of the Grand Lodge, a blade presented by the Grand Master of Sweden, rich in its velvet casing, was in the hands of the Grand Sword Bearer; the Grand Registrar with his velvet bag, embroidered with the arms of the Grand Lodge, was at his station, and every officer, being properly clothed, at the word from the Grand Director of Ceremonies, marched through the marble hall, which led to the magnificent lodge room, where five hundred Craftsmen, Past Grand Officers and Worshipful Masters, clothed in their regalia, and every brother in full evening dress, rose and received the procession as it entered through the west door. Walking, as I did, with my friend McCalla, in front of the acting Grand Master, I was thrilled with pleasure, as, from all parts of the hall, unbounded applause greeted our entrance. Little did I think when I was installed in the East of this room—in the very chair in which I now sit—that before many years, I would sit on the right of the chair in the Grand Lodge of England. and, as I viewed the surroundings, the acting Grand

Master, Colonel Marmaduke Ramsay, every inch a Mason, sitting with gavel in hand, shaded by the banner of Grand Lodge, the blaze of golden regalia in the East, the royal blue collars and the silver jewels of the hundreds of Craftsmen who sat on each side of the hall, I said to myself that well did the mother lodge earn its royal name, for the face of every brother seemed to beam with fellowship, friendship and good-will. (Cheers.)

The Communication was the quarterly one of Grand Lodge. In England and Scotland, as you are aware, the Grand Lodges meet in Quarterly Communication, while in the United States and Canada we meet yearly, except in the case of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, where the old English custom is followed. The apartment in which Grand Lodge meets is somewhat longer than the one in which we are to-night, and will accommodate, in the crowded session of Grand Lodge, about seven hundred members. It is a room well fitted for the purpose, with the portraits, on panels in the walls, of the Grand Masters who have presided since the union in 1813. The appointments are elaborate, while the methods of transacting business are much the same as our own Grand Lodge.

The opening of the Grand Lodge being completed, as a graceful compliment, the grand honours were accorded to the visitors, and, my brethren, your kindness to-night is but a repetition of that evening. I shall never forget it, for it was a genuine English welcome, one that truly touched my heart, and as I rose to return thanks, I thought of you all, and my Masonic home across the sea, and that with all my faults, you would feel proud to know of the royal manner in which your Grand Master

was greeted in the Grand East of the mother lodge that gave us life. (Applause.)

It is pleasant for me to state that the officers of the Grand Lodge of England entertained the most friendly feelings for our jurisdiction, and that they acknowledge that we in Canada are heirs to the antiquity of our ancestors, the fathers of the Canadian Craft, who, from 1792 until 1855, fought for Masonic freedom, and founded the extensive jurisdiction, which although not well up in years, can look around and see her children growing up in strength, and in the true spirit which should guide and govern those who kneel at Craft altars.

My visit to England was rendered more than ordinarily eventful by the courtesy of the Grand Secretary, who allowed me to make an accurate examination of all the old and written records of the Craft, and, as Bro. Henry Sadler, the Grand Sub-Librarian of the Grand Lodge, and the author of quite a number of interesting Masonic books, showed me into the strong room at Freemasons' Hall, in London, and brought down from the shelves the original and earliest records of the Grand Lodge, of 1717, and I opened at the first written page which was dated 1723, and turned over the leaves, how I did yearn to have about twenty-four hours with that old record, that I might have been able to tell you, my brethren, something about your birthplace. In this old volume I found that in 1777, the modern Grand Lodge voted one hundred pounds towards the relief of many distressed Masons at Halifax, N. S. (Cheers.)

While this old book was, of course, of interest, my thoughts were centered on the Athol records, the Grand

Lodge which came into existence in 1753. There were four Grand Lodges up to 1790. The senior was the Grand Lodge of 1717; then a Grand Lodge, formed out of an old lodge at York, in 1725, which assumed the title of "The Grand Lodge of all England." Then we had the Grand Lodge of the Ancients, established in 1753, and a fourth Grand Lodge, formed in 1779, by a few members of the Lodge of Antiquity, in London, under the egotistical title of "The Grand Lodge of England, south of the River Trent." After 1790, the two latter lodges went out of existence, and the two were left, one of which, the Athol, gave you, my brethren, life in 1792. But it is unfair to weary you with a digression from the purposes of this meeting. All the Craft and Royal Arch records are kept in this strong room, piled away in regular order, ready for use at a moment's notice. The gold plate of Grand Lodge and the gold vessels used for the laying of corner stones, and for the consecration of lodge rooms, are kept in this room as well as the Grand Regalia. There are two suits for the Grand Master, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; one is kept at Marlborough House and the other in the strong room, for use when he visits Grand Lodge. He presides about once a year, and his place at other meetings is taken by the Pro. Grand Master or the Provincial Grand Masters according to seniority. The Prince is an enthusiastic Mason, and takes a lively interest in Craft work, always ready to take part in ceremonials, while the practical work is looked after by the Grand Secretary, who, by the way, has the happy faculty of giving a pleasant welcome to everyone, so that even a visitor from across the sea is just as much at home as if in his own jurisdiction.

I spent two days in the Grand Lodge library turning over the records, and brought out with me a couple of notebooks well filled with information, which I hope some day to make public for the benefit of my brethren in Canada. (Cheers.) The references to Canada are few. I found the original minutes, containing a copy of the warrant of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Quebec, under Prince Edward, afterwards the Duke of Kent, with other memoranda, referring to Quebec, and also a minute of the appointment of "William Jarvys," the name being spelt with a "y," on the 4th March, 1792, but, much to my disappointment, no copy of his warrant of appointment. I also found that he was a Royal Arch Mason. I had always been puzzled as to whether William Jarvis had taken the Royal Arch degree, and, although I knew that the Ancients included the Royal Arch in their system, and that he was the Provincial Grand Master, I never found any record in Canada to connect him with the Royal Arch, until some years ago, when I learned that he gave authority to Lodge No. 6 at Kingston, about 1800, to work the Royal Arch, and offered to exchange the Prince's warrant of Rawdon Lodge for one of his own with Royal Arch powers.

Looking as I did at these records, knowing that a lodge existed in 1787, at Kingston, and at a later date at Detroit, erected by the Provincial Grand Lodge of Quebec, I feel sure that this clears up the most of Craft history in this Province, and convinces me that the old lodge of 1780, at Niagara, known as No. 2, the St. James Lodge, at Cataraqui, No. 12, and the old lodge at Cornwall, all derived their authority from the Provincial Grand Lodge

of Quebec. I examined the records of Quebec, and found that the first working in Royal Arch work was that of Unity Chapter, Quebec, in 1787, but, save the name, there is no other record.

On the evening of the 5th September I visited the Lodge, No. 2,076, or, as it is better known, the Lodge Quatuor Coronati, the literary lodge of London, where I met my friends, Bros. R. F. Gould, W. J. Hughan, Jno. Lane, W. G. Speth, and a host of others, well known to fame as students of Craft history.

While it is pleasant, of course, to think of one's journeys in other lands, and to ramble in thought through the storied scenes of Europe, foreign travel serves its truest purpose when it makes the Canadian more contented and more in love with his own great land. (Cheers.) I have taken in the Rhine, or, perhaps, it has taken me in, for it is not to be compared with our St. Lawrence or Ottawa. As a Canadian I gazed with reverence on the stately piles, where the Parliament of England, the Reichstag of Germany and the Reichstrath of Austria, meet in debate, but I have yet to see the Senate House that, for architectural majesty or scenic beauty, excels our own buildings at Ottawa.

This welcome home has done me good. Your presence and your words nerve me to greater zeal in the Craft service. I can neither enlarge nor reiterate promises, but actions speak a language you all understand, and in that dialect my gratitude for the kindness that has crowned all the years of my Masonic life, will talk to the brethren of every part of this great jurisdiction. (Cheers.)

AN "AT HOME" AT PETERBOROUGH.

On the evening of December 18th, 1890, the members of Peterborough and Corinthian Lodges, Peterborough, held their annual "At Home." Songs and readings contributed to an interesting programme and, in reply to an address presented to him during the evening, the Grand Master M. W. Bro J. Ross Robertson said:

R. W. SIR, MY BRETHREN OF PETERBORO' AND LADIES:—

I think I can fairly claim on behalf of those who have preceded me in the honoured office of Grand Master, that we are not only ornamental but useful members of the fraternity—useful in the sense that we not only look after the general welfare of the Craft, but are expected at short notice sometimes to brighten the reunions of the membership, to rejoice with those who rejoice, as in to-night's very pleasant assembly, and at other times with our fellow-Craftsmen to speak the kindly words of comfort and consolation to those who are plunged in sorrow and sadness.

A natural or acquired diffidence makes me feel more comfortable—more at my ease, in the useful than in the ornamental spheres of activity. I can ride all day and meditate on the slow trains that crawl all over this province. I can get up almost before I go to bed. I can delight myself with midnight sleigh drives in order to catch the flyers on the main lines, on Saturday mornings, when my brethren are housed and bedded, and when I am anxious to get home. I can gulp moonlit breakfasts in the hotels at the cross-roads, I can digest bar-iron or

beefsteak—the difference is often in name only—I can go to sleep on sight of a Pullman sleeper, and I can keep my temper when the colored porter routs me from my berth an hour before the proper time. But why continue this catalogue of hardships? You will think of me as an evangelist of commerce, who is the essence of good nature, who will put up with almost anything, so long as he can stock up the shelves of his storekeeping friends with the varied requirements of life, at prices so close to cost that it is wonderful how the seller manages to exist, let alone live. Yes, indeed, life to me would be devoid of landscape, if it were not that my most shady experiences are tempered, changed to joy, by the warm-hearted welcome that waits for me everywhere.

It is indeed pleasant for me to know that my work in the Craft is meeting with the approval of the brethren, and as I labour in the field of Masonic endeavour I can truly say that I have had honours showered upon me far greater than I deserve.

If my efforts gratify the brethren, and if I am even in a small way the means of encouraging the interest in the principles upon which the Craft is founded, I am abundantly content, for that alone is ample reward for the time I have given to this work of works. To place on record the story of the Craft in all its branches has been to me the day-dream of my life, and although many would shrink from the task of throwing into cold type the thousands of old manuscripts, I feel that the Craft lore of this country deserves a place on the tablets of history, so that those who follow us in our work may continue to cultivate the teachings of the Craft, and thus

better mankind and brighten the path of humanity and instruct those who have just passed the lintels of Craft knowledge.

My desire in life is not only to be happy but to try to make others happy. We all owe our duty to humanity at large, and if we can gladden the heart, lighten the burden or lessen the tear that creeps down the cheek of those who are down-hearted, we exemplify the feeling that sympathy is the flower that crowns our practical, everyday life. Providence has been good to me indeed, and if I have been able to open the door of comfort to those who are weary, or give a helping hand to those who are sick in body or in heart, I frankly admit that my connection with the Craft has led me in the path which has bettered me as a man and taught me that to gather and to give are jewels in the crown of the brotherhood of man. But to-night we are met to greet one another as friends, and enjoy the solid sunshine of life without which existence would be a dreary journey.

Having now, by the forbearance of the audience, been spared to reach the last milestone in my address, I may be permitted to say that in the toils of office I feel more at home than when serving as a decoration for a festive occasion—in confidence I tell you that I am not as decorative as wall-paper of the most expensive pattern—but I am glad to see so many brethren, and perhaps gladder still to see the fair faces of those without whom home would be a desert or a boarding house. Women may feel kindly to Masonry, for if it once in a while robs the fireside of its noblest ornament, the footsteps of its mercy sound on the stairs of their distressed sisters, and the voice of

its charity often bids the widow be of good cheer and tells the orphan child that the Craft's protecting hand will assist him as he climbs into manhood.

GATHER ROUND THE BOARD.

THEY ASSEMBLE ONCE A YEAR.

Annual Reunion and Banquet of the Members of the A. & A. Rite at Hamilton.

The Annual Reunion of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Valley of Hamilton, terminated on January 23rd, 1891, in the hall of the Rite in that city. At the banquet the chairman first called upon M.W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson to respond to the toast of the "The Craft." The Grand Master said:

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR AND BRETHREN OF THE RITE, — It seems to be accepted as one of the many duties attached to the office of Grand Master of the Craft that he shall on behalf of that body appear at the reunions of the Scottish Rite and respond to the kind invitation and to the toast of the "M. W. the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge of Canada."

This has at least been my fortunate fate, and if some of my predecessors have not had the privilege of attending as members of the Rite, I feel it would be a good point to invite them, so that they might share the hospitality of a brotherhood composed of men who not only greet one another as brethren, but whose hand-clasp is real and whose hearts are charged with the vital spark

that flashes with true Masonic light and reveals us as men, good to our fellows, true to our country and in sympathy with the best efforts of mankind.

I have no regrets to express or excuses to offer in rising to thank you for the genial, generous and enthusiastic welcome you have given to the toast.

I could say a great deal for the Grand Master of the Craft if I did not know him so well. I have nought but good words to utter when you honour the maternal home that sheltered us in our babyhood, that in boyhood opened to us the pages of the book of knowledge, that in manhood restrains us, and that in old age will not forsake us —the house the door of which is never closed to us—the Grand Craft Lodge, the birthplace of you, my brethren, and the millions of Craftsmen who in every clime find a brother and under every sky a home. (Hear, hear.)

You cannot comprehend, my brethren, how it quickened my every heart throb as you honoured the toast, and I feel that I but re-echo your well-wishes when I say that the Craft respect the Scottish Rite, as an organization that is showing the world at large that Masonry is not effete, that the acacia has not withered, and that the Craft is still marching in the advance guard of all that can better the condition of humanity, make men more fraternal, brighten the homes and gladden the hearts of those we love. (Applause.)

But you have asked me to speak for the Craft, and here I find I have been giving you something serious, when you want something sentimental, turning an oasis of pleasure into a desert of sadness, and so parching your lips and chilling your hearts, that even the loving cup

will scarce revive you and send you away with pleasant recollections of my presence.

Of my work in the Craft I would rather that others would speak, and yet I cannot help stating that I have in my journeyings among the lodges had a reception that has overflown with heartiness and has enabled me to spend with my brethren pleasant and profitable hours.

I am sensible that any Grand Master who desires to be in touch with his membership and strengthen the bond of union that should exist between the head of the Craft and the rank and file, can only do so by personal contact and confidence.

It is for that purpose that I have been for some months past paying visits to the different centres of the jurisdiction, so that I might look in the faces of those who primarily have honoured me with their confidence by placing me in the important position that I now hold—the highest honour the Craft has in its power to bestow—the office of Grand Master.

No man ever appreciated the honour more than I do, for it is an office that has been held by many distinguished and eminent Craftsmen, and I can assure you that as I meet my brethren of the Craft at their reunions, and grasp new hands, and see eyes that were strange, light with the radiance of an honest welcome, it makes me feel proud that I belong to an organization that possesses in its membership men that I can claim as brothers in heart, loyal to the Grand Lodge and its Grand Master, whose delight it is to honour those selected to govern and guide the Craft helm. (Applause.)

For all this, my brethren, I have not been exactly in

pursuit of pleasure, and yet I do not feel my journeyings either as a hardship or even an irksome obligation. Rightly or wrongly I consider it as not only a duty but a privilege to go abroad amongst the lodges, so that I might be able to speak with authority that alone can come from personal acquaintance with the Craft in their homes, in their own lodge rooms.

While I am fully impressed with the responsibility of my position, remembering that life's length is not measured by its hours and days, but for the work we have done therein, I desire it to be understood not only here, but in every point of this vast jurisdiction, that I do not look upon the office of Grand Master as one of cold and icy dignity. My brethren of this Rite, there is no dignity either in Masonry or in any walk of life but the dignity of usefulness, and the virtues of Masonry are not to be found in its majestic creeds, but in the deeds which are the ripened fruit of the eternal principles upon which the institution is founded. We may do much in a few years; we may do nothing in a life-time, and I only hope that the Great Master may spare my life and prosper my business, so that in all branches I can strengthen the cause, and whether the appeal comes from my brother in distress, my sister in sorrow, or from the little sick ones who cannot help themselves, who lie nursed by gentle hands in the cots of the great hospitals, I may be able at least to throw a ray of sunlight into their stricken lives, and in a very humble way—and yet a long way off—endeavor to follow the teaching of the country boy of Nazareth, whose words soothed the sorrows of men and women, whose touch gave health to sick children, and

whose memory we, in this Rite, at least, revere as the Saviour of mankind. (Applause.)

With regard to the Craft in this jurisdiction, I think I am within the bounds of accuracy when I state that I know of no other jurisdiction where a greater amount of harmony exists. I do not desire to flatter our membership by this statement. Of course where we have so large a Craft constituency as 21,000, with 354 lodges, nearly all in good working order, we need not be surprised if we do find a ripple of unrest occasionally; but so far the instances have been very rare, and I have yet to find one case where I have been called to utter a word of reproof to any one of the W.M's. under our obedience; and as for the D.D.G.M's. no Grand Master ever had a more active, energetic, vigorous and aggressive set of officers—eager to help the cause where it is weak—with an approving word for the W.M's. who are in the front line of duty, and a determination to give the Craft the honour, glory, and perfection that, as the grandest of fraternal organizations, it deserves.

Masonry's danger is at its portals, and, therefore, the Craft has to be doubly vigilant. You choose your members from among men whose goodness is stamped with the hall-mark of Masonry membership. We trust to the tongue of good report, and should be careful to see that even the humblest honours of our great brotherhood are not unworthily worn. If our gates are not wisely and well watched your Rite will suffer in its turn.

You know I am glad to be with you. Happiness, it is said, is found as often in the valleys as on the hill-tops. After an experience in this valley, that is not so deep

as it is wide, I can vouch for the truth of the saying that happiness does always abide in valleys brightened by the sun of a true Masonic brotherhood, and warmed by a friendship that never grows cold. (Loud Applause.)

MASONIC BALL AT HAMILTON.

The event of the season in Hamilton is the Masonic Ball. Always enjoyable, it was this year (1891) more so than usual. Not only the Grand Master, but all the other executive heads of the Craft were present. The ball was formally opened by M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, who said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A sight of this magnificent gathering is enough to strengthen my ancient belief that brevity is the greatest of verbal virtues. My powers of endurance are such that I could make as long and as tiresome a speech as you ever heard, but we are all here on pleasure bent. Craft work is in times of bereavement and distress shaded by the sorrows of those near to us and dependent on us. In this old centre and citadel of Masonry I know that the brethren work well when there is work to do, so pleasure is sweet to them because it has been earned. They can afford to come out of the shadow into the sunshine, and we are all in it to-night. There is a time for all things, and we Freemasons feel that it is in keeping with our principles of fraternity that the social landscape should not be neglected, and therefore desire our friends who are not within the fold to share the good things we are able to provide. No part of our work

is more enjoyable than to welcome you all to this reunion. May you all have a pleasant time, and depart with kindly feelings for a Craft that hastes to do good by stealth, and considers it not only a duty but a privilege to see the fair ones, the wives, the daughters, and the friends of its members join in the gentle revelry. I bid you all welcome. (Applause.)

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